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Beware of Mr. Butler

THE content—or lack of content—of the Queen's Speech confirms the view that, having set the Government's course, Mr. Butler is not going to be deflected from it—even by the whims of Mr. Churchill. A policy of moderate restrictionism—designed to restore confidence in the pound by a cautious dose of deflation—needs no legislation for its achievement. The Speech, therefore, could be padded out with proposals, irrelevant to the economic crisis, but nicely calculated to appease the sentiments of the Tory Party. Parliament is to spend the Session denationalising steel and road transport; and also, it appears, improving the position of voluntary schools in ways which should please the Roman Catholic voter. To judge from his opening remarks of the Session, Mr. Churchill knows as little about this legislative programme as he does about the dollar gap. In future no doubt he will be held in reserve for occasions such as the Commonwealth Conference, when rotund phrases are all that is required.

Leading for the Opposition, Mr. Attlee was right to expose the emptiness and irrelevance of the Speech. But the result of the High Wycombe bye-election should sharply remind the Labour Party that the British people does not measure a Government by the quantity or quality of its legislation. On a short view, Mr. Butler has largely restored not only confidence in the pound, but confidence in the Government. The fall in production and exports, which so much alarms those who still believe in full employment, has not yet affected many families. Until it does, the majority of people are unlikely to rise spontaneously against a Government which does nothing and seems to do it fairly successfully.

There is indeed a danger that the Labour Party will fail to fight effectively because it underestimates the strategic skill of its opponents. The Chancellor, if none of his colleagues, must realise that, in the not very long run, a decline in production and exports, especially when accompanied by cuts in capital investment, must spell disaster. It is at least possible that his curious promise to combat inflation at the moment when he should be taking steps to curb an incipient depression, may be a deliberate step towards an ambitious goal. At the Commonwealth Conference the Canadians will certainly speak for the U.S. and press the case for convertibility. Could the real purpose of Mr. Butler's financial orthodoxy be to persuade the Americans that, since sterling is now respectable, they can use the gold of Fort Knox as cover for a free pound and thereby create the financial basis for a North Atlantic community? Here, if President Eisenhower is ready to play, would be a magnificent issue on which to go to the country in the autumn of Coronation Year.

If this is indeed the Government strategy, it can only be countered by an Opposition which has its own design for British living. At High Wycombe, Labour was thrown on to the defensive, not only by its internal dissensions, but by the fact that its election platform consisted of a lot of loose planks, most of which had worn rather thin. Does Mr. Attlee believe that Britain's future lies within a North Atlantic community dominated by Eisenhower's America? If not, what alternative design has he to offer? While the House of Commons spends the next twelve months debating the irrelevancies of de-nationalisation, it is to be hoped that the National Executive of the Labour Party will get down to the job of answering these questions. For unless an answer is speedily found, Mr. Butler's strategy may prove alarmingly successful.

Housing: The Facts

It is not surprising that the Tories should have included in the Queen's Speech a renewal of the one promise in their election programme which they seem likely to fulfil—the building of more houses. Nor is it astonishing that, in his speech at High Wycombe last week, Mr. Macmillan should have congratulated himself on his achievements, present and prospective, in this direction. Of course more houses can be built—particularly if there be a retreat from the high standards of building set by the Labour Government—provided that essential capital investment in schools, hospitals and factories is cut down: housing proceeded apace during the great depression of the Thirties. But before they regard the situation with any complacency, we invite readers to study with care some of the less publicised facts of Britain's housing situation as it exists to-day. On a later page we publish a report by Basil Davidson on the slums of Glasgow. This article will be followed by others describing the slow process of decay in shabby areas of London not yet strictly classifiable as slums, and the flagrant inadequacy, still to be remedied, of housing in rural areas. Are we, in fact, doing more than keeping pace with obsolescence? Is there any prospect, under the present programme, of Britain ever being decently housed?

Surplus for October

Figures for October, published this week, show a rise of $82m. in the sterling area's gold and dollar reserves. Of this total, $35m. is accounted for by Defence aid, and $37m. by the U.K.'s credit balance with the European Payments Union—itself the consequence of restricted imports from Europe. Clearly, this process of drawing on E.P.U. cannot last long. Even in face of the conditions which limit the proportion of any credit balance to be drawn from E.P.U. in gold or dollars, continuance would soon exhaust E.P.U.'s reserves, and create a fresh crisis. To forestall this, European countries will be driven to restrict their sterling purchases, with further adverse effects on British exports. In short, the dollar problem is not being solved, though the immediate burden is being shifted from our shoulders to others no better able to bear it. Nor must we forget that the annual payments on the American and Canadian loans, due in December, will sweep away a large part of our current gains.

Unesco and Spain

When Unesco's General Conference opens in Paris next week, among the matters to be discussed will be the question of admitting Spain to membership—a proposal to which the Economic and Social Council last May said it had "no objection." The acceptance of Franco's Spain would be a cynical act of expediency—a means of getting Franco gradually accepted in more and more places. (Spain is already a member of F.A.O.) It may, of course, be argued that other Unesco members, ranging from the Argentine to Hungary, have domestic ideologies little in common with Unesco's aims. The Communist States, however, are little more than nominal members; not having paid their dues, they have forfeited their voting rights; and, in any case, the elimination of existing members presents a problem different from the admission of new members. It would be difficult to think of a candidate less fitting than Spain. Apart from Spain's general lack of cultural and educational freedom, the Spanish authorities have busied themselves during the past year in preventing a long list of Unesco publications from crossing the Spanish frontier! The Director General of Unesco, who certainly has that organisation's future at heart, is a citizen of a country which voted against Spain's admission at the E.S.C. last May. He may well wonder what value any Unesco document on Human Rights would have if its signatories included General Franco's representatives on the Avenue Kléber.

Welcome Arrival

In a period of falling circulations and dying publications, the appearance of a new serious magazine is a welcome event. The first number of *Fact* is now on sale, and this sixpenny monthly will be on the bookstalls on the first day of every month. In both format and content, this news magazine does credit to the Labour Party, which is publishing it. It is not intended to be a propagandist venture. Its purpose is to supply essential facts for the thinking voter. Transport House does not propose to make it a monthly version of the weekly reviews, but will concentrate on social and economic matters, aiming at the sort of person who listens to the Light Programme "Topic for To-night." It could well become a most useful addition to the periodical press, and we hope the public response will be warm enough to justify it.

KENYA

Mr. Lyttelton and Mau Mau

Kingsley Martin cables from Nairobi: Mr. Lyttelton's description of Mau Mau as "nationalism and thuggery" is perhaps apter than is realised. The grim tale of murders in India, until banditry was stamped out, shows what thugs can do; and the evidence here convinces me that a similar body has been at work in Kenya, using naturally for its own purposes all the political and economic aspirations of land-hungry, dispossessed and terribly overcrowded African people. How many recently publicised murders have actually been due to Mau Mau is uncertain; Mau Mau's existence offers a unique opportunity for every kind of robbery and violence. But there have undoubtedly been many murders of Africans who refused to take the Mau Mau oath or revealed facts about the organisation. Traditionally, these oaths, when taken voluntarily, are so binding that Africans who break them often die, as modern medicine would say, from "hysteria." (Whether the breach of enforced oaths carries with it so potent a spell is a moot question.) The Government's idea of a "cleansing ceremony" to rid Africans from a Mau Mau oath sounds sensible, though it lends itself to comedy. How much European taxpayers will have to pay for the use of witch doctors for this purpose is not known; and Government spokesmen are shy about the subject. At any rate, Christian priests and witch doctors are both at work removing "guilt" by magical means.

I am not ashamed at having been slow to believe that Mau Mau was an important force. Even here the movement was pooh-poohed by legal authorities and experts a few months ago, when sudden panicky regulations to curb the movement were issued; and it is still doubtful how far a real and essential effort to remove grievances and improve the lot of Africans will go. On Tuesday, Mr. Lyttelton endured facetiously hours of badgering from a large group of journalists who were unimpressed by the statement that Mau Mau was not in any way the child of economic causes. Its parentage is dubious, but it has been clearly nourished by such causes. When it was first announced that the Government had "a two-pronged policy"—the suppression of Mau Mau, *plus* reform—the wilder group of Europeans here were angry at what they regarded as a suggestion of "appeasement of Africans." Back-pedalling followed; and Mr. Lyttelton's list of proposed economic changes amounts to nothing. The whole topic of land-hunger and the opening up of unalienated land for Africans from the overcrowded Reserves is postponed until the Royal Commission reports in a year or more from now. As it is, wages are so low that Africans can hardly afford to live, even four to a tiny room, in the new African housing estates round Nairobi—a fact which may explain why Lyttelton said nothing about African housing, though this is admitted to be the most urgent of all Nairobi's needs. He admits that wages are shocking, but says they cannot be raised except by increased production. This argument does not appeal to an African who knows that coffee, which is not subject to export tax, and is fetching this year over £400 a ton, can only be grown by him in some areas if he is granted a licence.

The one pleasing comment made by Mr. Lyttelton was that the Africans' passion for education was "exhilarating." It is not clear, however, whether he realises that this passion—visible all over Africa—spells doom for the present system of European planters and Native Reserves. All the same, I am impressed by the growth in this country of more liberal settler opinion, which is ready to appreciate that it is impossible for a handful of settlers, surrounded by 5½ million restless Africans, to own as their exclusive property the great Kenya Highlands. In such conditions, Mau Mau will be apt to recur in some form even if it be now suppressed.

One essential remedy for the situation is the encouragement of independent political organisation by Africans; but present indications are that it is the Government's intention to ban the Kenya African Union altogether, with the idea of appointing later a purely "stooge" body in its place. Such a step seems likely to harden and unite African opinion against Europeans, with results familiar in the recent history of the British Empire. The usual reply is that Africans are too primitive to be compared with the people of Ireland, India, or Palestine. Admittedly, the national movement here has no comparable leadership, and Africans are much less advanced. Nevertheless, the same forces are at work among Africans. Far more Africans than most Europeans realise are politically conscious.

BERLIN

The Refugees

A Correspondent writes: The summer of 1952 has added another grim problem to this most ravaged capital city west of Warsaw. Before last Easter, a mere 40 people a day were seeking asylum in West Berlin from the East Zone of Germany. By August this had risen to 900 a day, and the rate was maintained through September. The rise can be explained partly by the closing of the East-West Zonal frontier, which was previously the direct route to the West. Now all East German refugees must travel to East Berlin, so that they may walk without difficulty into West Berlin. Other reasons peculiar to 1952, and additional to that of general discontent, are the increasingly compulsory nature of a three-year period of service in the para-military Volkspolizei (People's Police), and the rise in unemployment in East Germany.

All the refugees make their way to a Central Bureau in West Berlin. Only 30 per cent. of the refugees are classified as "political," and the other 70 per cent. are advised to return to East

Germany, with instructions how to do so without coming to harm. The reason for this policy is that the official line is to encourage all "decent people" to stay on and stick it out in East Germany, so that when Germany is united, the East will not be a fully indoctrinated territory incapable of assimilation to the West. In addition, there is also the terrific strain placed on air transport from Berlin to West Germany if all refugees were flown out without question. It is said that no compulsion is placed on these people to return, and that only ½ per cent. thus advised do so. The growing experience of the authorities is making classification easier. Standards are rigidly enforced. Not only are those merely seeking an easier time not accepted as "politicals"; for instance, the enrolment of one's children into the labour service is not considered an adequate excuse for fleeing East Germany. I also learn that British and American Intelligence is able to confirm or deny a man's claim that because of his activities he was living in political fear of the East German regime. Of the 30 per cent. accepted as political refugees, 80 per cent. are flown out, mainly at the expense of the West German Government, with a small contribution from the Berlin City Government. The rest remain as free citizens of West Berlin. But there still remains the great bulk—those who do not fly West, do not return East, and do not merge into the Berlin population.

To deal with this gigantic dribble of humanity, there are 53 camps in West Berlin. The refugees in them are not allowed to seek work independently (there are already 300,000 unemployed out of a 2 million West Berlin population). Instead they are given about four hours' work a day in their camps. For them, there appears to be no future, but there are moves towards recognising that all who arrived before December, 1951 (that is, before the great flow from East Germany was deflected into West Berlin), should be recognised as having a status equivalent to the political refugees. The authorities would not claim that conditions in the camps are good, and the approach of winter causes worry. There is overcrowding, and I have seen four men accommodated in rooms 6 × 10 feet, and six men in others 10 × 14 feet. In one camp I recently visited, only one large unpalatable meal of 750 grammes (about 1½ lb) was served each day, though coffee, bread, and butter could be obtained at other times during the day. Refugees are allowed out into the city, but must be in by 10 p.m. They receive about 6 marks (10s) pocket money a month.

Berlin is so patently a showpiece in the Cold War that it is impossible for the Western Powers to stem the tide of refugees by force. Yet if, out of a desire to impress East Germany, conditions for these people were made easier, with the certainty of an early flight to West Germany, then the system would be abused by every idler with the energy to get to East Berlin and take a city stroll through the ruins.

SINGAPORE

Five Year Plan

Our Singapore Correspondent writes: Singapore's Five Year Plan was unexpectedly sprung upon an unsuspecting Legislative Council (in which the Colonial Government has a majority of Official and Nominated Members) by the Financial Secretary during his Budget Speech. The Plan, he said, would be based upon the capacity of the Public Works Department, and that would be extended. For some time, in spite of public protest, the P.W.D. has remained static, with a building capacity of ten million Malayan dollars—roughly £1¼m. sterling. The Government found this convenient. Money in excess of the P.W.D. capacity could safely be voted for social service schemes, the Government knowing full well that the money could never be spent. Last year, for example, after making financial provisions for building more badly needed hospitals and schools (there is no room for 56,000 children at the moment), the Government in the end completely ignored the whole programme. As they explained, the P.W.D. just couldn't cope.

The resulting outcry warned the Government that they had better not repeat the performance this year—particularly since three-quarters of the P.W.D.'s existing capacity would have to be taken up by Defence items. So 64 new engineers and technicians are to be recruited without delay. This will have the effect of doubling the capacity of the P.W.D. Wisely, the Government has made no attempt to explain why the 64 men were not recruited earlier.

The Estimates which the Budget Committee will have to consider for 1953 include 20m. dollars for medical and health services, and 24m. for education. The Police estimates also come to 24 million. In addition, 12m. are needed for Defence Services, about which no details are given. The Estimates for Social Welfare amount to 5m. dollars—two million for public assistance and a million for T.B. treatment allowance. Of "the more generous rates of relief," the Governor, Mr. J. F. Nicholl, admitted that "official relief can only supplement and cannot replace, the domestic obligations which are an essential part of our social structure." It is interesting to note that in this city of great wealth and dire poverty—the population is about a million—the Government hopes, next year, to collect 50m. dollars in income tax: about £58 sterling per head of population.

To develop co-operative shops—which are doing a great deal to bring down the cost of living in the Federation of Malaya—the Government of Singapore next year proposes to spend $56,000, mostly on salaries in the Co-operative Department. When it is realised that the Government will spend about $458,000 on Public Relations—to tell the people about the horrors of Communism and to explain what the Government is doing for the people—it becomes obvious that the Co-operative Department is intended to be no more than a gesture. In spite of their fear of Communism, the Singapore Government will continue to rely upon private capital to provide the people with cheap food and houses. Food prices continue to go up and the housing situation is as shocking as it ever was. I suppose it could be argued that by letting two Chinese businessmen spend half a million dollars each on building themselves a house apiece, the Government is doing something to help the housing problem; but in a colony where the population is increasing at the rate of about 35,000 per year, this sort of thing is not very funny. The Government admits that to overtake the Colony's housing needs within ten years a minimum of 13,000 houses must be built each year. The Singapore Improvement Trust, which is the Singapore Government's excuse for not considering housing their responsibility, plan to build 1,200 dwelling units in 1953. Alarming although this situation might be considered to be, the Governor did no more than repeat the Government's old economic and political faith when he recently expressed the hope that "private capital will be invested to provide low-cost housing."

Private capital in Singapore, much more concerned with huge profits than doing anything practical to stop the people in desperation from turning towards Communism, continues, of course, to ignore the Governor's hope. Taking full advantage of the gross inequality of incomes in Singapore, private capital is falling over itself in building new cinemas, shops, super-garages, and blocks of "furnished" flats, for which a minimum monthly rental of $600 (about £70) is demanded and paid, often in addition to substantial "tea" money. Many workmen in Singapore without houses get much less than $200 a month in wages.

WESTMINSTER

A Challenge to Leadership

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Mr. Bevan has made his big decision. He will stand for the Labour Front Bench: he is also challenging Mr. Morrison for the Deputy Leadership of the Party. He has been duly rebuked by his opponents for overweening ambition—a pleasant change from last year when his refusal to "co-operate" formed the basis of the charge that he was creating a party within the Party. What support can he expect to muster? Two forecasts can be made with certainty: he will not oust Mr. Morrison from the Deputy Leadership; he will be elected to the Front Bench. Indeed, so great is the relief among the middle-of-the-roaders at his decision to stand, that he may come surprisingly high in the poll. On this half of his decision, it is only possible to comment that, after weighing all the risks, Mr. Bevan has concluded that the less dangerous course for both his followers and the Party as a whole is that he should stand: he has by no means solved all his problems by doing so.

His decision to challenge the Deputy Leadership is more difficult to analyse. No doubt he is partly concerned to reassure his followers outside Parliament that, in committing himself to the Front Bench, even after the formal interdiction of his group, he is not abandoning the struggle of the last 18 months. But greater significance must be attached to the concession made by the existing leadership that the election shall be held by secret postal ballot, and not by show of hands at the Party meeting. Last year this proposal was put up by the Bevanites and turned down out of hand, with the approval of the majority of the Parliamentary Party. This year, with Mr. Bevan clearly in the field, the decision has been reversed, again with general approval. Mr. Bevan evidently hopes that he will collect a larger number of votes than can be commanded by the hard core of some forty-five Bevanites. If at this election he can increase his poll by a further twenty or so, he would no doubt be satisfied: anything over seventy-five would be an impressive demonstration of his strength and of dissatisfaction with the existing leadership.

There is a further point. Mr. Bevan clearly has in mind the desirability of establishing the tradition that the leadership, as well as the lesser places on the Front Bench, should be challenged at the annual elections. It has not been since the war. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison were chosen by acclaim in 1945 and since then they have been generally regarded as immovable figure-heads. Whatever view one may take of the differences between Mr. Bevan and Mr. Morrison, the tacit acacceptance year by year of Mr. Morrison's prescriptive right to the Deputy Leadership has been unhealthy. This year, Mr. Bevan has no chance of beating Mr. Morrison. Next year, if the challenge and the ballot are renewed, he, or somebody else, may do so. And, later on, the time may arrive when Mr. Bevan himself has to meet a similar challenge. It is a very good thing; and this week's decision may have a healthy effect on the Labour leadership for years to come.

They Liked Ike

If wit, intelligence and political capacity were the only keys to success in a presidential election, Adlai Stevenson would be the next tenant of the White House. His victory would have encouraged all those who have been gravely disturbed by the drift of American politics in recent years, and have shown that calm sense still appealed to more Americans than the demagogy and high-pressure salesmanship by which the Republicans have come back into power. Stevenson's defeat is a serious blow, both for liberal America and for its friends overseas, the effects of which will be felt again and again in the next four years. It means something more than the end of two decades of Democratic rule: it means the triumph of a reactionary alliance which is better symbolised by such men as McCarthy, Jenner, Taft and Nixon, Byrnes, Byrd and the Dixiecrats, than by the well-liked Dwight Eisenhower, on whose coat-tails they swept into office.

There will be many explanations of the Republican landslide. The personal popularity of Eisenhower probably accounts for the size of the Republican majority. The promise to go to Korea may have capitalised upon the growing war-weariness, just as the pledge to cut Government spending appealed to the tax-weary. There was the ground-swell of protest against "the mess in Washington," and the widespread feeling that the Democrats were "soft" on Communism. There are certainly signs that the Irish Catholics and, to a lesser extent, other Catholic minorities, deserted Stevenson and that hundreds of thousands of Dixiecrats—notably in Texas and Virgina—at last found the courage of their Republican convictions.

But all of these arguments add up to the same conclusion. An overwhelming majority of the American people voted consciously for a change. They have deliberately chosen a Government of the Right, determined to pursue a "tough" foreign policy, to cut down on a Federal spending, to clean the "pinkos" as well as the "Reds" out of the civil and educational services, to hand economic policy over to the corporations and to allow the oil oligarchy a free hand. For such, indeed, is the policy of most of the men who ran Eisenhower's campaign. The acceptance of it was the price of his agreement with the Old Guard after Chicago.

There was no secret about this. The millions who "liked Ike" certainly believe in his good intentions, and many of them hope that, once in office, he will find the strength and the political skill to shake himself free of the commitments he made during the campaign. But they have bought the Republican package. It is now clear that Eisenhower has just carried his party home in the much closer race for the Congress. His ability to do this, of course, was one reason why he was a more attractive candidate than Senator Taft, who might this year have scraped home himself, but left the local candidates for Congress and State offices trailing behind. The effective control of Congress thus falls into the hands of the Republican-Dixiecrat alliance, which has very little in common with the ideals for which the General declared before the Republican Convention. The record and intentions of this group are too well known to need any comment.

It is no answer to point to Eisenhower's personal integrity or to assert that the prestige of his sweeping victory will make him master of the situation after his inauguration. For no President—not even Franklin Roosevelt—is a free agent for long. There is ample evidence in the election campaign of the General's political naïveté, and of the ease with which professional politicians can use him. The Old Guard had no difficulty in taking over control of his campaign. Now they control both the party machine and the party in Congress, they are likely to dictate the legislative programme and shape America's foreign policy. That is the simple truth, and no amount of rationalisation can disguise it. After twenty years in the wilderness, they have their day, and they are determined that nothing shall come between them and the prizes now dangled before them. If the new President should prove recalcitrant, there is every reason to suppose that they have the power to bring him into line.

Though the consequences of this victory cannot yet be foreseen in detail, there can be no doubt that it will be taken as a mandate for reaction. The coming session of Congress may make the record of the Republican-controlled Congress of 1946-48 seem almost liberal in retrospect. But it is not only legislation that matters. There is bound to be a field-day for Senator McCarthy, fresh from his Wisconsin triumph, and for those who will have been thus encouraged to join in the campaign of thought-control and hate for any liberal or independent opinion. The flood-gates are open.

In recent years it has been fashionable to denounce the critics of McCarthyism as dyspeptic "anti-Americans." Their dismay at the course of American affairs has been attributed to resentment at the new-found power of the United States and to a sneaking desire to break up the Atlantic Community. They were told that Joe McCarthy was merely part of the "lunatic fringe," that Senators Knowland, Jenner, Bridges and Cain did not carry any weight, and that the China Lobby had no influence on American policy. It is, unfortunately, the Cassandras who have been proved right in the event. McCarthyism has won votes, not merely in Wisconsin, but all across the country. The election of Eisenhower, whatever he himself intends, is a triumph for the witch-hunters, for the American Legion and the F.B.I., for McCarthy and McCarran, for Karl Mundt and Richard Nixon.

The American people had the choice clearly before them, and they have chosen. But they should try to understand why their decision will embarrass their relations with the outside world. Many of the difficulties that arose since the cold war began were due to the growing influence in American public life of the men who will take over next January. Now they are in power, such difficulties must increase. Those nations whose fate has been bound up with that of the United States cannot view the results of this election without concern, for the course that the new President and Congress take can determine whether Europe is to face solvency or bankruptcy, reaction or social progress, perhaps even peace or war.

New Deal in the Sudan

Any lingering doubts about the boldness of General Neguib's statesmanship or his skill as a negotiator were removed last Tuesday by the publication of his proposals for solving the problem of the Sudan. With a single blow he has cut away the curtain of suspicion which had long separated the nationalist movements in Egypt and the Sudan. So long as King Farouk was trumpeting his petulant aspirations to unify the Nile Valley under his royal sway, and so long as the Wafd was content to stir up anti-British feeling merely in order to conceal its own corruption, there was good ground for any prudent Sudanese to treat Egyptian overtures with the deepest suspicion and to regard a continuance of British tutelage as a lesser evil than a dash to freedom. The Sudan is one of the countries where the British proconsul has nothing to be ashamed of. We have not only brought law and order to a vast country, thinly populated by peoples in disparate stages of civilisation; in the great Gezira cotton-growing scheme, as developed under the inspiration of Mr. Arthur Gaitskell, we have also proved our ability to combine economic development with a genuinely successful experiment in economic democracy. If this era of benevolent colonial rule is to be brought far more rapidly to a close than most of our administrators expected a few months ago, they can at least claim that the Egyptian responsible is himself a product of Gordon College, Khartoum, and of British military training. Indeed, General Neguib, who is partly Sudanese and married to a Sudanese wife, personifies the relations between Egypt, the Sudan and Britain which it should be our aim to achieve.

In his new proposals General Neguib foregoes the chauvinist Egyptian claims to unify the Nile Valley. He accepts the right of the Sudanese to exercise effective self-determination, with the necessary safeguards, and proposes the establishment within three years of a Sudanese Constituent Assembly, free to decide whether the country shall be completely independent or linked to either Britain, Egypt, or any other country. In the period before the Assembly makes its decisions, he proposes that the Governor General shall be responsible to Britain and Egypt, and exercise his power with the aid of a five-member commission, composed of two Sudanese, one Egyptian, one British, and one Indian or Pakistani. Furthermore, there should be a mixed commission of seven members, including one American and one Indian or Pakistani, to organise elections to the Constituent Assembly and supervise their conduct; and a Sudanisation Committee, charged with the task of accelerating the promotion of Sudanese in the administration.

The Neguib Plan, indeed, creates an entirely new situation. It will be the acid test of British good faith. It would be a tragedy if any attempt were made in London to prevaricate by protracted negotiations over the many disputable points it contains. To do so would jeopardise our relations with the Sudan as well as with the new Egypt. True enough, before the General seized power, the Foreign Office had been able to combine a firm defence of the Sudan's right to self-determination with plans for the continuance of British paramountcy in the whole Nile Valley. So long as the Government in Cairo was "impossible," it was legitimate to argue that we could neither withdraw from Suez nor leave the Sudan to its fate. Both among the soldiers at Fayed and in Whitehall there were circles, therefore, which positively welcomed the Anglo-Egyptian deadlock and even talked on occasion of a British re-occupation of Cairo.

Whatever Mr. Churchill may think, we believe that Mr. Eden at least fully realises the danger of permitting his policy to be influenced by this kind of talk, or by the motives that prompt it. But there is another and far more responsible kind of objection to the Neguib Plan, which will be presented to the Foreign Secretary with great cogency, and to which he must also turn a deaf ear. Many of the leading British administrators in the Sudan Civil Service have in the past made it clear that they would resign *en bloc* unless the transition to self-government takes place under British rule. They will therefore object most vigorously to the whittling down of the Governor General's powers and, in particular, to the proposal that his policy should be formed in consultation with mixed commissions, whose purpose it will be to wind up British rule as quickly as possible. This objection will be sustained by the argument that any rapid process of Sudanisation, especially if it affects the District Commissioners' offices, will give undue power to the small nationalist intelligentsia of the Northern Sudan. If these townsmen take over the key positions, it will be said, they will rig the elections in the more backward country areas where, at present, British-appointed sheikhs control the vote. Even more serious, they may well treat roughly the tribes of the tropical South, who are far too primitive to be able to participate in democracy and whose future is at present safeguarded by a few devoted British administrators.

We do not question that there is some cogency in these arguments. The speedy removal of a well-knit system of paternal rule is bound to have its dangers, and it is natural enough that administrators who have devoted their lives to the Sudan should be alarmed at the Neguib Plan. Nevertheless, it would be fatal if Mr. Eden were over-persuaded by them. However disinterested the devotion of our civil servants to the primitive tribes of the South may be, the use of this argument will be interpreted in the rest of the Sudan and in Egypt merely as an excuse for maintaining British rule, come what may. General Neguib, in fact, has given us the chance to liquidate a relationship with Egypt and the Sudan which has become a sheer anachronism. The maintenance of some 2½ British divisions in the Suez area is not a demonstration of our military strength but a crushing burden on our economy, which undermines our whole position in the Middle East by its affront to Egyptian nationalism. So too, any attempt to prolong the presence of British troops and administrators in the Sudan beyond the three years proposed by General Neguib (unless, of course, the Sudanese Constituent Assembly invites them to stay) would merely prejudice our relations with a friendly people. Mr. Eden now has the opportunity to end our imperial relations with Egypt and the Sudan and to substitute for them new ties of equal friendship. If he seizes that opportunity boldly, he can perform an act of statesmanship as timely and as mutually beneficial as Mr. Attlee's winding up of the Indian Empire. A forthright welcome for the Neguib Plan, followed by an agreed timetable for the withdrawal of British troops from Suez and an arrangement under which the Egyptians themselves will maintain the base in peace-time, could yet transform the whole climate of Middle East opinion, and atone for the miserable episodes in Palestine and Persia.

London Diary

"I DON'T think I did so badly," said the new judge in the old, terrible and true story, after dispensing criminal law for the first time. "A certain number of innocent young men were found guilty, but equally some guilty young men were found innocent. So on the whole justice was done."

Whether or not this fairly describes the general gingering of the treatment of cosh boys, the violence-crimes bring to the foreground the biggest anachronism of modern times. Although so many of us are so familiar with modern psychological treatment of children that we like to make fun of it, we have yet quietly incorporated its teachings into our own homes. And we forget the fact that most of the children of parents who are not naturally kind are entirely untouched by these benefits. That for every revealed case of child cruelty there must be five hundred parents who bring up their children in an atmosphere of toughness and nagging, to say nothing of threats, "keeping them in their place," and emotional if not physical bullying: and parents against children make children against the world.

One would always wish, of course, that the cosh boys themselves who had failed all reconditioning treatments should be put to sleep quietly, painlessly and, above all, not in an atmosphere of moral odium, but of regretful apology, by the State which did nothing about the social hell into which they were born

* * *

It is more than a year, now, since we left London to live in the country. Nor is a butcher usually a romantic figure. But when he rang up on Monday morning and said "What do you want this week, Madam, and when shall we send it?" there was something glistening on my wife's cheek.

Later in the day we happened to be driving up through Marylebone High Street, our shopping centre only last year, and my wife's eyes were shut tight. She could still feel herself part of those numbing queues, pleased perhaps that to-day the greengrocer had actually recognised her, that the man in Smithson's had only once said to her "Can't serve two people at once, miss," thankful that to-day no baby had started howling to screw up queueing nerves that extra pitch, that so far she had been able to keep the smelliness of the wet fish from confusing itself with the tastelessness of the "home-made" cakes in the same basket, and that to-day only two precious morning hours had been lopped off her work, even if she had been too early for the monthly sausages and too late for the quarterly bananas.

The Marylebone High Streets of London are an exhausting purgatory, and still the blocks of flats mount higher without new shops to provide for them, and still the Siege of Marylebone grows more grim.

* * *

We drove south to Piccadilly—that is to say, we were strangers enough in London to try to do so.

When the traffic lights go green for crossing Oxford Street, can the car move forward? It cannot. Twenty deep the shopgazers continue their somnambulistic march and have to be nudged through and politely bored through, with apologetic taps on the horn to help.

"Man and boy I've driven in London for twenty-five years"—I suppose everyone has their pet traffic-problem theory. Why is it that as soon as the Londoner gets off wheels on to his feet, he is allowed, he is even encouraged, to banish responsibility and ignore the rules?

Try crossing against the lights in New York City. Even if a policeman does not haul you back and fine you on the spot, it is unlikely you will want to try again. London must be the last capital city upholding the independence of the walker to slow up traffic, disobey lights, and put the street to hideous danger in the process.

* * *

The lights burn late in Lime Grove. "I've been awfully busy lately" is a relative term, and to be used with the greatest caution in front of hospital Sisters or members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. I would add Television Staff to that list after a visit this week, even though, for once, I found they had time to think about politics. The line of cause and effect was as follows: it is unlikely, in the next Labour Government—less imminent, perhaps, in the light of Wycombe—that the recommendation of the Report for sponsored television will be endorsed. On a free, un-Whipped division, the Conservative vote in the House is likely to be not more favourable than 50-50. The TV people seemed, to my surprise, to think this a good thing. Surely, I said, sponsoring is your only way out of the embarrassing difficulty of employing not very good artists at not quite adequate fees? True, but had I seen TV in the U.S.? I had—all-in wrestling dovetailed between endless slices of nice, jolly, safe, sweet cake. But wouldn't British sponsors be more intelligently experimental? No, less. They would incline to be safer and sweeter, to make sure of the much less certain financial return from a TV coverage which is so far short of nation-wide. And the £1,500 necessary for a Bud Flanagan, a Tommy Trinder, or a Cantelli would be as difficult to find as ever.

I suppose the chief cause of London's dinginess since the war is the new ugliness of the advertisements. Will the agents rise to the occasion in Coronation year? Though London Transport still shows the influence of Pick, the posters in the Underground are marvellously deteriorated and are more ham, more full of jolly sailors astride meat paste bottles and (here the soap substitute boys are worst offenders) more insultingly childish in their words and raw in colour. It's the same with the film ads, all bosom-and-whip—delightful in their way, of course, but so far as layout is concerned at least, why shouldn't something meant to be looked at be eye-taking as well as eye-catching?

Remembering Sir Francis Meynell's delightful effort to put style into United Artists' film advertisements in the mid-Thirties, I asked him if he [illegible] any explanation. Was it not, I said, that the advertising agents, though staffed with the brightest and newest brains from the Universities, were maddeningly bound to convention by the conservatism of the client and the taste of a managing director's wife for purples and greens? And why, since in the weeklies the standard has improved, in the I.C.I. typography, for instance, or in the hands of artists like Hans Schleger (Fisons and A.E.I.) and Lewitt-Him, can't this new use of more æsthetically right types and pictures filter upwards to the big accounts and the splash hoardings? What an opportunity, now that petrol is to be advertised again, to let the countryside down lightly.

* * *

Meynell had an interesting theory. It was this: that advertising is under the domination of polls and surveys, and though it is true that these vast works are scientifically planned, and it is always interesting to know the percentage of Weybridge dwellers who eat nuts for breakfast but have never been up in a balloon, yet these surveys leave out the "appreciation index," the man-in-the-street's goodwill and friendly feeling towards an advertisement, and therefore by long-term reaction, to the thing advertised.

We talked over old ad-lines. M.G.M.'s lovely hand-out for their first Shakespeare film ("*Romeo and Juliet* and *Seven Nights in the Sahara* are the most gripping love-stories of all time"). A few months ago, when the film *Hamlet* at last reached the remotest cinema in Kent, it was billed as "Enthralling, epoch-making, NEW."

But still the most sought-after advertisement by connoisseurs remains the one, elegantly and quietly printed, which the manager of the famous hotel in Colombo slipped under the glass-topped tables in the dining-room after a typhoid scare —"All Vegetables in this establishment have been washed in water specially passed by the Manager."

STEPHEN POTTER

THIS ENGLAND
1949 — 1952
Just Out
2s. 6d.
By post, 2s. 9d., to any address
FROM ALL BOOKSHOPS AND STALLS
Turnstile Press

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. Ivor Bulmer-Thomas, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, said at Lichfield (Staffs) to-day:

"When I visit a fine old church I ask myself: 'Has this given me as much pleasure as a glass of sherry?' If the answer is yes, as it nearly always is, I slip half a crown into the box."—*Evening Standard*. (B. H. Beare.)

The Master of Ballantrae. By Robert Louis Stevenson. The Original Unabridged Story of Errol Flynn's New Film.—From *Foulsham's Autumn Catalogue*. (A. L. Sugar.)

Also provide yourself with a slide for the end of the show. A sunset scene will do for any sort of show; more humorous types may prefer a sketch of a man being hanged, or the rear view of an elephant.—*Amateur Photographer*. (J. M. A. Lenihan.)

James Evans, boiler sealer, of Western Street, Swansea, who was fined £1 at Swansea yesterday for having a Sten gun in his possession without authority, said that one of a party of five with whom he was working found the gun in an old boiler. His mate, he alleged, had suggested it would be "a nice little hobby" for his boy, and he replied: "The ideal thing."—*Manchester Guardian*. (W. W. Mitchell.)

HON. HONOURABLE GUEST

The Coronation Court of Claims is meeting
To judge the rights of peers and noble dames,
Another allocates the Abbey seating
And makes selection of illustrious names.
Such numbers for admission are competing
That some must resolutely be dismissed—
But though all claimants learn
They have to wait their turn,
One high Imperial name is on the list.

Dukes, viscounts, earls and judges in seclusion
With chamberlains and heralds set to work,
Reducing to a state of sad confusion
The landless gentry certified by Burke.
The Courts vote for admission or exclusion
According to the merits of each case,
And many a haughty State
Must for its summons wait,
But not the head of one Imperial race.

One noble Court with ruthlessness is weeding
Pretenders to hereditary rights,
Impervious to appeals or piteous plaintive pleading.
One Court the honoured visitor invites;
While high deliberations are proceeding
All must of over-confidence beware,
They may not pass the test
For the Coronation guest—
But one Imperial Highness will be there.

Some applications still are undecided,
The judgment in due time to be disclosed;
Some know not whether space will be provided
For once-crowned heads but recently deposed.
By precedent inexorably guided
Some ceremonial claims will be ruled out,
But though it is not known
Where favour will be shown,
One reigning monarch is not left in doubt.

The peerage waits in painful expectation
With foreign, and dependent, potentates.
Who will assist the rite of Coronation,
And which the chosen, or rejected, States?
There is, for instance, eager speculation
On Spain, the Bamangwato, and Iran. . . .
But the Court has sent a card
As a mark of high regard
To the heaven-descended Emperor of Japan.

SAGITTARIUS

Britain's Homes

I. THE LOWEST DEPTHS

BEYOND the Broomielaw, rain-spattered pavements lead away in dirty shadows to the Gorbals and Hutchesontown, and ancient tramcars, top-heavily clattering, blunder through grey noon light to the sandstone of Cathcart and the semi-detached respectability beyond Govanhill. Here in this gloom, between the Clyde and Cathcart, lie some of the worst slums in the world. Rats and rotting floorboards, damp roofs and ceilings and wet stone floors, dismal over-crowding for rents which ought never to be paid, landlords living in Clydeside respectability on the sweated sufferings of the destitute: all these things and worse things are here, and here in abundance. There are gangs of young men and not-so-young men who range the streets as landlords' bullies, and beat and even murder those who resist extortion. There are landlords identical with the landlords of *Widowers Houses*. These conditions are not unique in Britain; but Glasgow outdoes all the rest by the great size of its slums. There are 9,300 "houses"—the customary term for family-dwellings—in the Gorbals, not to speak of neighbouring slums.

One of these grim streets—you can just see its name through soot-smeared glaze—was built for the Glasgow merchant class about a hundred years ago. It has long degenerated into a slum. I went into one of these big black terrace houses and down stone stairs into the basement. Here were three rooms, one of them locked because the flooring had given way. The other two rooms were occupied by two families who are paying eleven shillings and fourteen shillings a week in rent. "But we're not supposed to tell you that—that's not what we sign for in the rent book. They're five and sixpence in the rent book." The woman who is paying fourteen shillings showed me the window behind her closed shutters: the glass was shattered in all the panes but one. As well as this extortionate rent, she is paying two shillings a week for electric power for her small wireless set. The communal lavatory—a filthy pan—is on the ground floor and has to be shared with other families; and neither of these women has more than makeshift washing and cooking facilities. Both of these cellars, which their lessees call "our houses," are unfit for habitation: neither of the women dares complain to the Rent Tribunal, knowing that they would be put straight into the street, as they told me, and perhaps beaten up into the bargain. These women are painfully thin, and their faces are pale and drawn.

Further into the Gorbals, in Commercial Road, I found conditions in some ways even worse. Here the three-storey tenements were built for the working class, and consist almost entirely of one- and two-roomed "houses" with three or four families to a landing, piled in diseased squalor on top of one another. Mrs. Currie has lived in her "close" for ten years, and had five of her seven children here. You reach her "house" by edging down a dank stone passage—with a black mire glittering filthily at the end—and find that both she and her husband and their children greet you fully dressed with coats and mufflers on. They wear their outdoor clothes from the moment they get up, I think, to the moment they pile back into their double-bed together, for they have too little heating to take them off.

Mrs. Currie and her husband are at war with their landlord just now. Not many weeks ago the floor of Mrs. Currie's second room gave way beneath her other bed, which is an ex-R.A.F. cot. Mrs. Currie damaged her leg when another part of this rat-gnawed flooring collapsed beneath her.

A new flooring? This her landlord will not give her: all that the authorities have ordered, upon being applied to, is that the existing holes should be stopped up, leaving out of their account the holes which will be there next month and next year. Mrs. Currie and her husband have plenty of courage left in them, though their walls are streaming, and damp smells swirl up through these black holes in their floor; and they are fighting their case with long legal documents written in language that nobody can understand—but for its bleak negation of improvement.

Many thousands of families live in styes like these, some better and some still worse. Most of these people are not the wild abandoned dregs of humanity so often pictured in sentimental slumming stories: they are solid self-respecting craftsmen and decent housewives who know the value of reading and writing and learning and manage to conserve the hope that their children, somehow or other, shall live better than they have lived. Though grimly pressed by heavy odds, humanity comes through with flying colours in the Gorbals and Hutchesontown. But it pays a big price. Official figures for 1950 (the last available) show an infant mortality rate in the Gorbals of 63 compared with middle-class Kelvinside's 20, and a T.B. death rate (per million) of 994 compared with Kelvinside's 151. Only one civic project has noticeably improved the Gorbals in the last ten years or so, and that is the disinterment of bodies in the Gorbals Burying Ground and its use to-day as an open space for children—the only grass that the children of the Gorbals can find within their black boundaries.

For these central areas of Glasgow the Welfare State has done exactly nothing in terms of housing. Not only have these conditions gone on unchanged: but there is absolutely no prospect of their being changed. No plan to demolish and rebuild these central areas has existed or is likely to exist; and it is mathematically certain that these slums will remain as they are for many years into the future. Mrs. Currie is fighting for a new floor to her worst room: but the official attitude of the Corporation with respect to slum property—and I am quoting from the report for 1950 of the Medical Officer of Health—"is simply to allow the property to deteriorate until it must be condemned either because it is dangerous or hopelessly unfit for human habitation. The number of houses which have reached this stage in Glasgow is so great that the rehousing of the occupiers"—majestic understatement—"presents a serious problem."

Whose fault, then? Consider, first of all, the appalling size of the problem. Of some 300,000 "houses" in Glasgow today, 172,000 are situated in the central area of the city. Here, in these festering tenements, the density of "houses" to the acre is 95, compared with a density of "houses" in the peripheral district of only 18. This means that clearance and rehousing could put back into these central areas no more than one quarter, and preferably a good deal less than one quarter, of the people living in them now. Where are the other three-quarters to be housed? Already the city has built almost to its boundaries. And the rehousing problem is only half the problem. At least 40,000 Glasgow families are entirely homeless—they are living, that is, in overcrowded lodgings or with relatives, and in any case in circumstances which are usually fatal to a decent family life. The current waiting list for "houses" shows 104,000 applicants (consisting of 40,000 homeless and 64,000 families living in overcrowded or unfit habitations). "How can we start knocking down 'houses,' even when they are slums, while we've so many homeless?"

Glasgow's building record is not a bad one. In some ways it compares favourably with most other great cities in the British Isles. Since 1945 Glasgow has built 20,000 new "houses"—most of them three-roomed—and 2,500 temporary "houses." This year it will build over 4,000 new "houses": next year it may even pass the 5,000 mark. And many of these new "estates" do great credit to the Corporation. Yet at this rate of building it will be twenty years at least before the bottom of the housing list is reached, and clearing and rehousing of the Gorbals can begin. "And that," commented one harassed official: "is about as good as saying never, isn't it?" And he added, with a weary effort to look on the bright side: "After all, we've only 700 families living in houses which are actually condemned as dangerous to habitation."

The problem is too big for Glasgow, just as it is too big for any city government no matter how well intentioned. In recent years Scottish authorities have habitually worked to an occupancy standard of two persons per room. On English standards—two persons per *bedroom*—there are 108,000 overcrowded "houses" in Glasgow today, which is a third of all the "houses." There are probably more than one thousand families living at a density of more than eight to a two-roomed "house." The proportion of one- and two-roomed "houses" in Glasgow today is not less than fifty per cent.

There is no simplicity in this story but the simplicity of misery. The landlords have a case when they argue that the rents they receive are too small to enable them to spend money on repairs; and the strength of this case is repeatedly shown by the large number of "abandoned houses" in central Glasgow. Sometimes the Corporation takes over these properties; sometimes the inhabitants are left to rot together with their "houses." It would be absurd to think that any one city government could solve this problem in Britain today. Nothing less than a national crusade, inspired by a determination to abolish such misery at whatever cost in departmental policy, local government tradition, or "the needs of economy," can solve this problem.

It is all very well to throw up one's hands, and say that such a solution is "beyond our means." If it is, then we all have powerful reason for being thoroughly ashamed of ourselves. In the Parliamentary constituency of Kelvinside, where so many respectable and God-fearing people dwell, there is the ward of Anderston, and in Anderston there is at least one flight of "houses," upheld by scaffolding, where the Welfare State and all its works must seem a long way from reality. One day last December a great gale of wind and rain penetrated the scabby old roofing of this flight of "houses," and the water came running through. It is still running through, ten months later, from the roof into the second storey (three families) into the first storey (four families) into the ground floor (two families); and there is no present likelihood that the tarpaulins put there last December will ever be replaced by slates or tiles. Why should they be? The landlords won't do it, and the attitude of the Corporation "is simply to allow the property to deteriorate. . . ." On this brave policy the Glasgow Corporation has rehoused some 3,500 families from dangerous or unfit dwellings since the end of the war: meanwhile other "houses," freshly condemned since 1945, numbered 2,953 by the end of 1949. And who will dare to say that the Glasgow Corporation—facing the problems that it does face—is to blame? Every single one of us must share the responsibility.

Glasgow, October. BASIL DAVIDSON

Old Tsui's "Feudal Tails"

[This is the third of Mr. Townsend's eye-witness reports on China.]

"Do you remember Wang Lao T'ai-t'ai?" Of course I remembered Old Mother Wang, married off to a cripple when she was thirteen for twenty silver dollars, drudged from the moment the sedan chair carried her over the threshold of her bridegroom's house, widowed at twenty-three and come by a miracle of strength in that withered body, with its nut-brown face and hands gnarled like walnuts, to the gateway of seventy years. "Well, she is learning to write . . ." And the letter went on to less important affairs.

I was not as a matter of fact too surprised by the news. The emancipation of women was one of the most dramatic, and one of the least controversial, aspects of the revolution, and caught up even the aged. The feudal system had its apologists, but there was nothing to be said for forced marriage, for the interchangeability of women with cloth, cash, grain, for tolerating the ill-treatment of women, tying them to their homes and preventing them from meeting men.

Emancipation has an economic root, the right of peasant women to own land, the right of the woman working in a factory or in government service to the same pay as men, but their subsequent progress has to be fostered. They have to be encouraged to become village heads, to enter government service, handle tractors, become tram drivers, engineers, pilots. The need to pioneer is so urgent that women take up heavy work like locomotive driving simply to prove the point, for those who achieve such mastery, often in the teeth of male opposition, become signposts saying, "Look, there is nothing women cannot do!" Once such work is open to them it has to be made possible for them to work by the provision of harvest nurseries so that village women with children can gather their crops, and of maternity leave and factory crèches for women workers. The provision is incomplete, but it increases rapidly because women are not merely to be freed *from* subjection but *for* work.

There is the other freedom women must have access to, the freedom to love and to seek redress when their husbands maltreat them. The Marriage Law of 1950 laid it down that no woman may be sold in marriage and no man stand in the way of a woman victim of forced marriage who tries to break it. Divorce, which (at any rate for the present time) is demanded more frequently by women than by men, is itself a "settling of accounts" with injustice, for there are rural districts where marriages contracted for cash without the girl's consent totalled more than 95 per cent. of all marriages. Such freedom is easier written and talked about than practised. The belief that women are suited by nature to obey their fathers, brothers and husbands is not quickly sloughed. There exists in the minds of many men, and of some of the older women as well, an acceptance of established custom, a set of ideas called "feudal tails."

It is easier in the cities. There the media of propaganda are advanced, more women can read, write and study. The concept of marriage for love is not so alien to the imagination of city dwellers even though contractual marriages accounted for between 60 and 70 per cent. in some of the biggest towns. The opportunities for men and women to mix freely are more frequent in factory and office than in the villages. It is harder in the rural districts.

Conservatism has a powerful hold. The men are often uneasy at the mention of women's equality. A village head or a Peasant's Association chairman may hesitate to discuss the Marriage Law or propagandise the right to divorce, lest they be accused of "encouraging looseness" or breaking up marriages in order to get wives for themselves, or from fear that their own wives will leave them. Unwillingness to recognise the changed status of women can lead on occasion to serious results.

Freedom of marriage and divorce is very far from the sum of women's freedom, but it is a big step on the way. In long-settled areas like Shansi province a sort of half-way house has been reached, with the young couple asking the almost automatic consent of their parents. But choosing one's own mate in a village where marriages of love are unknown is a strident break with tradition. It has to be fought for. More particularly, it has to be fought for by the women themselves or through the Women's Federation, a non-party organisation formed to promote women's interests.

I came on such an event in an Anhwei village. Cool Water Gully was a single street that straggled beside a narrow stream, with little to recommend it except the sweetness of its pears and the dogged hard work of its inhabitants. Most of the people were called Chen, but there was a handful called Tsui, and one of the Tsuis had a daughter called Mei-hua, a capable, spirited girl of eighteen promised many years ago to a pock-marked pedlar twenty years her senior. The trouble began when the Tsui family got more land during land reform, some of it on account of Mei-hua, and Old Man Tsui took his daughter out to work with him. Until that day she only did household chores.

For the Spring sowing the Tsuis joined with five other families, all sowing together, doing first this family's fields, then that family's plot, and although the women formed a small group on their own they could not avoid meeting the men as they worked. It was a strange, rare experience for the younger ones, rubbing away some of their shyness, and by the end of Spring Mei-hua had come to like a young peasant of the same surname as herself. He never so much as touched her. His words were never so plain that she did not have to unstitch them and sew them up again in the pattern she desired. But whenever she lagged on the homeward journey, he would slow his steps till she caught up with him and they would enter the village together laughing and talking.

Old Man Tsui, engrossed in his farm, was quite oblivious of this intimacy. Some of the villagers, however, remarked unfavourably on it, and word of it reached the pedlar. When harvest was in he sent two of his relatives to call and arrange a marriage date. After the go-betweens had gone, the tearful Mei-hua was allowed back into the room. Her tears were a not unwelcome sign of filial affection. It was altogether different when, recovering her self-control, looking stolidly at the floor and shaking her head so that the long braid of hair hanging down her back swung to and fro, she said defiantly, "I won't marry that man. I don't have to. He's old, and ugly, and I don't love him." Old Man Tsui was startled by this turn affairs had taken. "*Love* the man?" he exclaimed. "Why, the presents were sent long ago, the whole village knows. Love... You'll marry him if I have to beat you into it!" The girl was stubborn. "There's a law..." she began. "Law?" shouted the old man. "You've been going to too many meetings. Never heard of it. A daughter obeys her father, that's the law I know."

The story was all round the village next day. The younger people defended Mei-hua's refusal to marry the pedlar. Most of the older ones held that a bargain was a bargain and it was proper for parents to choose for their children. Two important exceptions among the older people were the school teacher and the head of the Women's Federation. The latter, herself the victim of an unhappy forced marriage, sought out the young peasant, drew from him a confession that Mei-hua was "the sort of healthy, hard-working girl he'd like for a wife," and made a frontal attack on Old Man Tsui. The girl's father refused to budge. The three-woman delegation which pleaded with him infuriated him and the fact that every detail was widely gossiped about and reflected on the family was the strongest possible irritant. He dismissed them as busy-bodies and gave Mei-hua a hiding with a rope.

Three days later, however, he let the girl out of the room on her undertaking never to see the peasant again, nor to set foot inside the Women's Federation any more. Then occurred an event which, in any other setting, would have been pure melodrama. The Women's Federation sent a friend of Mei-hua's to her with a message. Could she get out that evening? She could, came the answer, she could say she was going out to fetch firewood. After dark she made her way breathlessly to the Federation office. A dozen girls holding a meeting crowded round her excitedly, and when she showed the rope marks on her arms and legs they swore to help her. How to help her was another matter. Her father was certain to discover her absence, so the Federation head decided to hide her in her house, and she and the girl went out by a back door and down a side lane. Half an hour afterwards Old Man Tsui burst in demanding his daughter. He would not retire till he had searched the offices and been discomfited by the hostility of a dozen young women.

At the Federation head's, Mei-hua and the peasant had the first full talk they had ever had. Each admitted wanting to marry the other and since haste was necessary, for in so small a place they could not remain undiscovered for long, the village head was called in, and somewhat unwillingly agreed to go with them to the district government, ten miles distant, in the morning. They started before it was light. The clerk of the government office brought out the forms and papers. "Is it all right?" asked Mei-hua. "I mean, if my father doesn't agree?" "If he tries to prevent it", said the clerk, "he can find himself in trouble."

Half-way back to the village the four of them, a jovial group, came on Old Man Tsui striding out for the district government, for even at the hour they left the village others had been stirring and seen them go. He no sooner saw them than he set on Mei-hua, cursing and striking her. Shaking him off she cried, "I tell you, my father or not, you won't treat me like an ... an animal." The bridegroom seized Tsui's arm as he raised it to hit her. "Old Tsui," said the Federation head, waving the marriage certificates in his face, "she's in her rights, she's over eighteen, the only thing you can do is not stand in her way." "Then she's no daughter of mine," he shouted. His face had flushed. He stood irresolutely for a moment, tried to spit on her, turned round and made for home.

There was a celebration that night at Cool Water Gully. The refreshments were simple for a wedding, but it was hugely enjoyed. In the course of the congratulatory speeches, the Federation head called for a campaign to wipe out "feudal tails" and within a week the Women's Federation members were calling on the old people in twos and threes to discuss the advantages of free-choice marriage. Mei-hua herself was regarded as something of a heroine, a person to be emulated, the envy of not a few. For a time some of the older folk criticised her as shameless or unfilial, and not for many months did Old Man Tsui, salvaging his dignity by returning the pedlar's presents and preserving a grumbling aloofness, allow his anger to cool.

PETER TOWNSEND

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An Index to Vol. XLIII (Jan.-June, 1952) is now available. 2s. post free.
NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1

About Sheep

THE sheep, like most other things in the English countryside, has suffered from the effects of overseas competition. It is, for instance, well over a century since free trade in wool was established, while the first cargo of refrigerated mutton reached this country from New Zealand as far back as 1881. But, surely, imports alone are not sufficient to explain this curious discrepancy between technical promise and economic practice, between the theoretical value of the sheep and the steady shrinking of our sheep-population. For the sheep, considered academically, is by any standard a singularly useful animal. It produces meat, wool and more sheep with commendable rapidity; its dung enriches the land that its feet consolidate; and it lives mainly on grass, the crop to which this country, for reasons of soil and climate, is peculiarly suited. Thus it makes little demand on our limited supply of concentrate fodders, and so joins the variegated but valuable band of dollar-savers.

From a more general standpoint, the sheep is the most open-air of all farm stock and consequently requires relatively little human attention or expensive fixed equipment, while the unprecedented development of veterinary science in the last generation has brought under control many of the afflictions—some caused by parasites, some by bacteria, some by subtle mineral-deficiences of the soil—which scourged or restricted the flocks of our forefathers. And behind all this stands a rich pastoral heritage of experience and physical resources; for the United Kingdom has long been one of the great sheep areas of the world, carrying more sheep to the acre than any other country save New Zealand and more sheep in numerical total than any of our great neighbours in Western Europe. So favourable to the sheep are the general agricultural omens.

Equally favourable are the economic incentives; the traditional taste for mutton of our people, which before the war caused us to consume 28 lb. of sheep's meat per head per year as against 7 in France, 6 in the U.S.A. and less than 2 in Germany, continues unabated and unsatisfied. Yet, though the stage is set and the audience waits hungrily, the agricultural actors tarry. For consider the statistics, bald, crude and unanswerable. In 1875 there were in England and Wales 22 million sheep; in 1900, 19 million; in 1939, 16 million; and in 1950 less than 13 million. All very curious. Something must have gone wrong.

Admittedly, there is this infuriating by-product of the untutored townsman's invasion of the countryside, the worrying of sheep by the dogs of casual holiday-makers which from time to time

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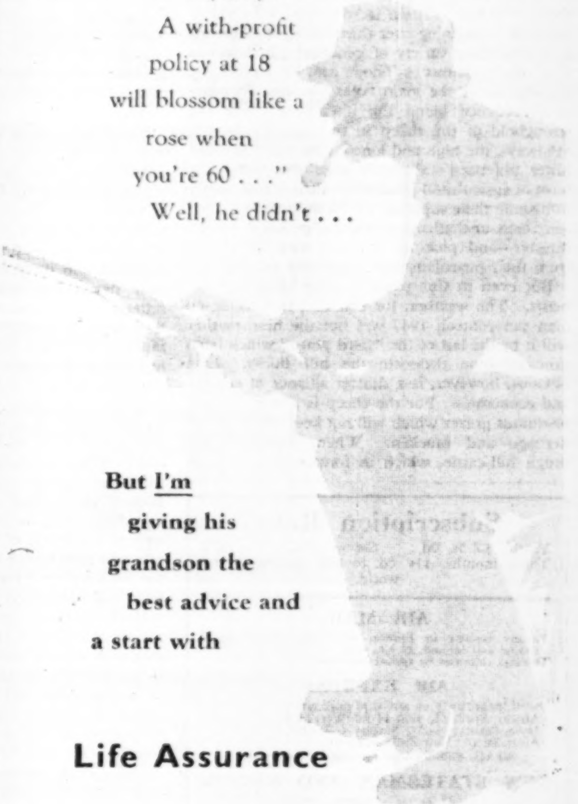

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a real business man
(like me) . . .

He'd have said
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rose when
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giving his
grandson the
best advice and
a start with

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hits the agricultural headlines with an indignant clang. In certain areas this is a serious menace and it has undoubtedly contributed to the *local* decline of the sheep-population. But its incidence is limited and, however deplorable as an exhibition of sheer adjectival fecklessness, it cannot truthfully be described as a major *national* problem; in statistical terms, in 1950 about one sheep was killed or injured per parish at an estimated cost to the farming industry of £50,000, which is equivalent to 3s. 6d. per farm. The causes of the fall of the flock are deeper than this, and they lie in the nature of farming reality. For the sheep does not exist in an economic vacuum, it is part and parcel of a system of farming, and its value cannot be properly assessed in detachment from the remainder of the agricultural team of which it forms part. Commercially, it may appear a mere four-legged source of meat and wool but agriculturally it is an organic tool with its own peculiar properties and needs. Thus the extent of its use depends upon the profitable ease with which it can be fitted into that complicated series of industrial processes which go by the name of farming.

In any case, the word "sheep" is misleading in its implications, for *the* sheep is no more an absolute entity than *the* tractor. And just as there are many different makes and models of tractor, so there are many different makes and models of sheep. Indeed, Britain is something of a sheep museum, containing over thirty recognised breeds and a startling variety of genetical permutations and combinations. They can, however, be divided into three main types, the first in order of precedence being the hill sheep. For the stronghold of the sheep in this country is still, as always, the high and lonely uplands, bleak and bitter, unfenced and uncultivated, where no other form of agricultural production thrives sufficiently to dispute their supremacy. Here, therefore, they can roam unchallenged—except, perhaps, by the forester—and pick up a living with little help from their guardians save veterinary aid.

But even in this pastoral Eden there are serpents. The weather, for instance, is a factor no man can control; 1947 was not the first, neither will it be the last of the "hard years" which from time to time decimate the hill flocks. Less obvious, however, is a sinister alliance of ecology and economics. For the sheep is a selective and fastidious grazer which will not keep down coarse herbage and bracken. When, therefore, the tough hill-cattle, which in former times accompanied the hill flocks and ate the "rough stuff" they rejected, were driven from the uplands by low prices, the pastures began that slow degeneration which has created one of the major agricultural problems of our own time. Against all this, however, must be set certain advantages conferred by the modern age. In recent years, for instance, the engineer and the plant-breeder have together developed the technique and equipment for improving hill pastures with an ease unknown to our forefathers; the State is now grant-aiding certain types of capital expenditure on hill farms; and in each case the upland flock is one of the chief beneficiaries. In the hill counties alone, therefore, are the sheep totals of 1951 little less than those of 1939.

The second main division of the National Flock also depends on grass, but it is the enclosed grass of the lowland farms, not the wild expanses of the hills. In theory, the system is ideal, since grass is both a cheap crop and the natural food of the sheep, but in practice there are both internal difficulties and external competition. On the one hand, in the words of the old proverb, "the sheep's worst enemy is another sheep" and without first-class management land will get "sheepsick" by reason of the parasites they drop. On the other, there are rivals—first the dairy cow, serving a profitable market unthreatened by imports, then, more recently, the masterful plough, the primary food-producing tool of an island thrown increasingly on its own economic resources. It is not surprising, therefore, that the numbers of grassland sheep have fallen heavily, perhaps by as much as a third, since the outbreak of war.

The third type of sheep in this country are at once the most familiar physically, at least to dwellers in the South and East, the most spectacular historically and the most hard-hit economically. These are the famous "arable sheep" created by the men of the Agricultural Revolution to play their part in the superbly balanced and integrated system of farming they were developing, and their economic character reflects their historical origins. For one thing, they were bred to produce meat for the hungry multitudes whom the factory-system had called into urban existence rather than the traditional wool which had for so long served the major industry of an older and simpler England; for another, they abandoned the grasslands of their ancestors for the root-crops of the new rotations and in return for their unprecedentedly lavish keep they consolidated and manured the ploughlands. Indeed, the symbol of these flocks is the hurdle by which they are penned in the root-field, the sign of a method of management at once intensive and mobile, for in the course of the rotation the flock followed their growing fodder round the farm and so escaped the dangers of "sheep-sick" soil. It is a good system, good for the sheep, good for the soil, but it is failing before the exacting demands of twentieth-century economics. For it is essentially an expensive system, the product of an age when labour was cheap and plentiful. Roots are a costly crop to grow and the constant movement of the hurdles demands many man-hours. As, therefore, the acreage under roots shrank, as the older fodder-roots yielded to the new sugar-beet which, except for the tops, was sold off the farm and not consumed on it, as the level of wages steadily rose, so decade by decade did the number of arable sheep fall until, in many traditional sheep-areas the dairy cow and the ley now lord it where once the hurdled flock and its attendant relation held sway. And the moral of all this is clear. Down on the farm teleology is a better guide than general considerations of abstract efficiency.

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Torso of an All-in Wrestler

To discover him now you must journey to the ends of the earth: to the more remote baths, that's to say, the dockland cinema, the Palais on a night off. There, as an alternative to Dogs and Speedway, he can still pack a hall; and, sucking ice-creams and wooed at intervals by dance airs, the audience will mildly admire, gently remonstrate. But mildness and gentleness are not his aura; he needs the hissing, cat-calling, laughing multitude. Where are they? Not at the Wimbledon Palais on Thursday nights. Riot (that release we go on calling un-English) has taken other ways and fashions. On them, on him, respectability of a kind has descended.

Very different were the acceptances when, in the 'thirties, he first came to town. (He has grandchildren, by the way, who delight year by year in his Father Christmas.) Then the West End—the sporting West End—was his. Most weeks would find him at the Ring or at Lane's Club. Ugly or handsome, he looked the part, and acted up to his locks. He started doing things. He gave us our first taste of violence: one that afterwards we were to cultivate most lovingly. Not that the discovery had been his. Gorillas were padding the sidewalks of Chicago, and in a Munich beer-vault conspiracy had raised its head with a scowl. But these were far-off, indeterminate shadows. At home we knew rather better. So long as gentlemen walked out through their gate at Lord's, and the sun (more or less) shone, and Englishness mattered, and to every sport could be affixed the word "noble," what had the world to fear? Into this arena of lost causes barged the all-in wrestler—no respecter of persons: he grunted, he belaboured, he hugged, he gouged, he flung, he tied in knots, he unravelled, he all but murdered and was murdered. No highbrow either; boxers might dote on Shakespeare, not he. On so many stages Beauty had posed for us, that this late arrival of the Beast seemed a necessary completion. This was what, in our dreams, the Windmill girl had been waiting for; and before we could get over our first shock of astonishment, pleasure, and disgust, he had turned the ring itself into a stage, bringing the audience closer than the most popular comedian.

The Ring, Blackfriars—in good theatrical, bear-baiting country, and intended originally by the Rev. Rowland Hill as a chapel with no corners in which the devil could hide—was his true home. Elsewhere, like Hitler in Copenhagen, he might behave; at the Ring he was delightedly, furiously himself. His audience rose to him, playing a part incidental to his. He would toy with an arm or a leg: "Break it off!" they advised. "Make a ballet dancer of him!" and "Heave, heave!" (sometimes to the tune of the Volga Boatman) were other favourite calls. And talented members of the audience acquired distinct roles. There was the deep bass voice at the back that never failed at an early stage to liven events with a hortatory "Open up them pearly gates!" (It took me some little time to discover what these were.) There was Warmed-Up Death, so denominated by the crowd, a lady of surprisingly pale, thin aspect, with a tight mouth and an endless cigarette holder, who, never smiling, never missing an evening, occupied a front-row chair; and others, some remarking and some remarked upon, who weren't slow to underline the love-knot parody of the whole thing. Our traditional view of sex as ugly and comic

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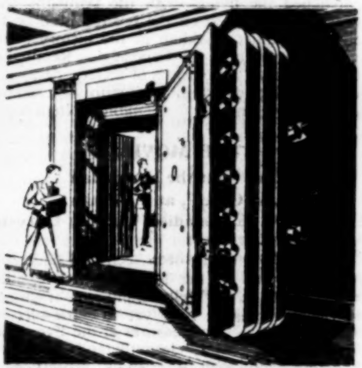

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found here some frank embodiments to add to the pantomime dame and the music-hall harpy. The *poses plastiques* of the Ring, accompanied by such barks, wails, kisses, and cries of " Oh, mother ! " as matched the situation, would have delighted moralists and painters in an age of satire. Hogarth might have devised yet another Progress, beginning on a nursery floor and ending with divorce from a princess. For though reputedly ill-paid as he was certainly hard-used, our hero had his opportunities of fame and success in the great world.

Play-acting forged so important a link between contestants and audience that subsidiary dramas arose. A wrestler might get out of hand, threatening havoc ; he might even—like the bull jumping the fence at a *corrida*—turn and rend a critic. There was always that possibility, to add spice to repartee. It rarely came about, but when it did the occasion was notable. I shall never forget that evening—not, as it happens, at the Ring, but at Lane's Club in Baker Street—when the Terrible Turk broke loose. He, a bald bearded giant, was fronting an opponent no less terrible, and in fact was so much getting the worst of it that he found himself, after being spun round and round above the other's head, hurled headlong out of the ring—a drop, I suppose, of ten feet. For a moment he lay dazed at the feet, so it chanced, of a very drunk gentleman. He—the drunk—woke ; beheld the disjected Turk ; cracked him smartly—and in the true *esprit d'alcool*—on the head with a bottle. This had the effect on the giant that sol volatile might have on you or me. He sprang to his feet. He bellowed. He would have clutched his assailant's throat, but that the other, wonderfully sobered, was already away down the aisle and flying out through the doors. The Terrible Turk followed. We all followed. And the last that was seen of either—that night, anyhow—was two figures, one in evening dress, the other naked, disappearing into the lamplit distance of Baker Street.

Of course, it may all have been prearranged, though I hardly think so ; divine accident is not so easily simulated, and the times encouraged it.

Nothing of the sort " marred the proceedings " when, a couple of Thursdays ago, I followed out an old weakness to the Wimbledon Palais. A gimlet-eyed woman knitted in the front row—good start ; the bouts were crisp, varied ; low comedy was provided by the " extra-special heavyweight return clash " between the Shipyards' Strong Boy and the Russian Tearaway (hairless, in black tights) ; " Ugh, ugh ! " they huffed, and the pleasurable " Ah ! " would slowly change to " Oh ! " and then " Oh, no, no, no, no ! "—the classic reversal and height of eloquence at these encounters ; but the onlookers no longer howl, the referee wasn't once sandwiched, and my impression was that within the ropes they kept more to the rules and that there were more rules to keep. Much of the time the audience might have been attending—but for some lack of intellectuality—a performance of the Brahms Requiem. Gone the bold buskers, the anguished peace-maker, the furious intimacy of the Ring, gone the Terrible Turk ; and Death—she, I believe, may be no longer Warmed-Up.

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On the placards I see old familiar faces—Jack Pye, George St. Clair Gregory, Harry Rabin ; and I wonder whether, apart from the added twenty years, they are quite themselves. Haven't we de-terrorised them ? Over their beds, to which they retire sober and early, does there hang a gilt-edged text of the Rules ? Is the Beast tamed ? One and all, have they bowed the head, submitted, to fair play ? I dread to think so.

G. W. Stonier

The Arts and Entertainment

THÉODORE GÉRICAULT

THE exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Arts Gallery is the first attempt to present Géricault at all ambitiously to the British public. This wonderful young man, who can only be compared with the greatest masters of all times, who stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries, who had few rivals in his century, who foreshadowed not only Delacroix, Daumier and Courbet but Manet, Degas and Cézanne, has remained a shadowy figure in this country, and never a very clear one in France. The tendency to concentrate until recently on Impressionism and Post-Impressionism at the expense of artistic movements of the first half of the nineteenth century, which produced as rich a crop of masterpieces, largely accounts for this state of affairs.

There may be some excuse for not having given Géricault a one-man show in London until now. His, and Seurat's, pictures are the most difficult to collect together. These two died in their early thirties, so that all one sees is the ground mapped out for a life's work, not a life conveniently rounded off. This would not matter in the least if their most important works could be exhibited. But Géricault's single vast canvas, and the six by Seurat, which represent at either end of the nineteenth century the peaks of middle-class culture, are seldom if ever let out of the museums and private collections where they belong, to be hung, as they should be hung, surrounded by the sketches and drawings that led up to them : with the result that at exhibitions devoted to Géricault and Seurat, one is overwhelmed by the relentless and passionate search for some authoritative statement, and left to guess at the statement itself. In spite of the many fine canvases and sketches lining the walls of the Marlborough, Géricault's supreme importance in the history of art cannot be gauged in the absence of the *Radeau de la Méduse*. It is like trying to assess Stendhal from *Lucien Leuwen*, the *Vie de Henri Brulard* and *Lamiel*: one would be conscious of supreme genius, but left with the impression that genius had not been put to the best advantage.

Another obstacle that stands in the way of a satisfactory Géricault exhibition is the obscurity in which his life and work are still shrouded. The *catalogue raisonné* which is expected to set everyone right on a number of points has been in preparation for over twenty years but has yet to appear. Meanwhile any moderate canvas roughly of the period showing a Napoleonic officer brandishing a sword on a rearing horse, a shipwreck or a stranded boat, a Shelley-like death, a decomposing limb or a crazy slant to an eye, is in danger of having Géricault's name attached to it, even in the most respectable museums of Europe. As for Géricault scholarship in the modern sense, it has barely begun. There is therefore every reason why the catalogue of the present exhibition should contain errors, and why the less well-known pictures should be approached with caution. No. 31, for example, representing a young Scotsman, might well be by a minor Scottish artist working in the entourage of Wilkie. The so-called *Two Men wearing Turbans* (No. 18), which is assumed to be an invention of Géricault, must be a copy made in about 1817 from a detail of some seventeenth-century picture, perhaps Neapolitan in the circle of Mattia Preti. No. 27 cannot have anything to do with the *Radeau;* the man represented here only seems to be "suffering from jaundice" on account of the technique employed, quite common for the period. This is like saying that a figure in Rubens is blushing, or of a white-faced figure in Ingres, that he is about to faint. These may seem trivial points, but one cannot be too donnish or too circumspect when dealing with an artist of such complexity.

Fortunately there are pictures here which represent Géricault at his best; enough at any rate to make the exhibition the most worth visiting in London. *The Cart filled with wounded Soldiers* (No. 15) is the transcription of a late Michelangelo *Pietà* into contemporary terms. Just as Michelangelo achieved the effect of monumentality by identifying himself with the group he chiselled, so Géricault invests a tiny canvas with grandeur, by painting pain in a jogging cart. He can always be relied on to take the side of the weak, the poor, the oppressed, against tyranny or stupidity in any form; and it is this partisanship, rather than the fluid handling of pigment, or broken surfaces, or dazzling use of colour—although one might say that his technique was the outcome of precisely the same preoccupations with freedom—which made him the most modern artist of his time, and to us the most congenial. For he did not think, as his contemporaries thought, of Negroes as troublesome, or lunatics and deformed beggars as revolting, but as human beings like himself capable of the same sad dignity. Even severed heads, arms and legs (Nos. 24, 25, 26) he approached with the same sympathy as he approached the living—with the sympathy that Caravaggio expended on the severed head of St. John the Baptist. Seldom in the history of art (one thinks at once of Caravaggio, Rembrandt and Goya) have the outcasts of society, decay and death been treated by an artist with such tenderness and reverence.

Benedict Nicolson

THE MOVIES

" Citizen Kane ", at the Everyman

" Trent's Last Case ", at the Plaza

" It Started in Paradise ", at the Leicester Square

Citizen Kane hasn't been seen in London for five years, and by me for another five. But before coming to the Welles explosion—fragments of which, I believe, have yet to settle—let me note the introductory pleasures at the Everyman. First, the new foyer, elegantly and lightly redecorated, and with a friendly exhibition of paintings to stay the eye: here, for 25 guineas, goes a cool-green Denis Mathews, and gay Italian rooftops by Fred Uhlman for £20. And the view for nothing. In how many cinemas can one look, not with delight, but without loathing, at what is framed on the walls—or at what, for that matter, subsequently transpires on the screen? There are few movie houses, as such, that I visit with pleasure: affection grows and wanes for those in which feeling has snatched me out of routine. I can't walk through Leicester Square at the moment without a thrill for the unsightly Odeon; the Rialto has brought me *Louisiana Story* and *Rashomon* and *City Lights* revived; at the Curzon I have been comfortable of seat and eye. But for visitor's joy give me Hampstead.

Three first-rate shorts open the Everyman programme. *Joie de Vivre* (by Anthony Gross and Hector Hoppin), a fairy-tale of two long-legged beauties and a lost shoe, eventful with fairgrounds, railway junctions, a storm in the forest: this out-charms all but the very best Disney with an adult draughtsmanship. Another cartoon, by U.P.A., finds fun in a Scots family and a tiny green dragon; he is introduced surreptitiously as a pet, eats fire, and grows enormous: decidedly funny. Between the two comes a Crown Unit film of British Guiana, *El Dorado*, a model of its kind, fresh in subject, information, quick moving, beautiful to watch. Its cross-section most skilfully mingles fact and image: how pleasurable, here, to follow not only Indians and waterfalls, but the extraction of bauxite, on which, apparently, the fortunes of Guiana depend. John Alderson directed.

Kane impresses no less than it did. If the initial shock is gone, confusion has cleared. We know all about Rosebud—all that is to be known—a decided advantage: it was natural, perhaps, in the first instance, that psychological tangle should distract from satire and the picture-making energy which is the real source of the film's fascination. The politics still frighten; power will always corrupt, and Welles shows an extraordinary insight into corruption. Feeble, indeed, have been the attempts since—with Huey Long and the Great Gatsby—to play similar tunes. But, as I say, the film's enduring appeal, given the theme, is the pictorial richness with which it creates its legend. German romanticism, the newsreel flicker, and the loudspeaker boom, the childhood heads of Dutch painting, Dickensian caricature, Kafka-like motions under a short-focus lens: the conversations-at-breakfast strip of the first marriage, and the superb operatic "mixes" of the second: all lead to the exaggerations of the final stage, in which a nightmare of loneliness and size looms irresistibly. We can get Kane out of our minds, but not Kane's dream. The grandiose invention, no less than the flow of idea, seems to come from a full source. Then, what has happened to Welles? Is Stroheim's fate to be his? Only time—and money—can tell.

In his subsidiary role he brings to life the corpse in *Trent's Last Case*, a well-mannered, mildly enjoyable piece that doesn't take away too much from its original. *It Started in Paradise* started, I thought, as a satire on the *couture* business, but if so it ends—with a fling into neo-Elizabethan fashions—by parodying itself. They are much concerned, it seems, behind the scenes of "the latest thing" with genius. Has Madame got it? Did she have it yesterday? Don't be misled, by the way, by the curious passions suggested in the poster. Love here runs its happy course of pure melodrama.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

Not in subject and temper so much as in personality and style, *New Soundings* (No. 8) offered, as we must expect, an uneven hour. Informed by its usual nostalgia, its reflective and inward-looking melancholy, and its occasional bright youthful sadness, it sometimes fastened hold on our attention; sometimes repelled it; often it left us to drift away into long thoughts of our own. The spoken voice has something to do with all three effects, though it is not the whole answer; we look too for a kind of generosity in the writing without which private experience cannot be passed on. Dylan Thomas's *Prelude* was an instance of the first problem, at least; its quality was impossible to judge because this poet's reading manner has a way of deadening its material. The effect is not the magic one of incantation, but the personal one of a face addressing its own reflection in a mirror; the impact bounds back to the poet and nothing goes out to the listener but a sense of discomfort. I felt this much less in George Barker's *Ballad of Wild Children*, whose opening verse had an almost terrifying magnificence and beauty; later, however, the words lost pace with the thought,

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became confused, and attention broke away. *The Early Days*, by a young Australian poet, Basil Dowling, a satirical yet rather touching ballad of past times in a new continent, gave a fresh note to the programme. But the most sustained pleasure came from Cyril Connolly's talk on *Re-Reading Petronius*, for this had both style and what I have called, for want of an exacter word, generosity. Elegance and enthusiasm do not frequently meet, as they did in Mr. Connolly's tribute to "that fragmentary Roman Proust" master, in his phrase, of "the haunting fugacity of the Picaresque—that art which keeps characters on the move from waterfront to waterfront, brothel to palace, adventure to adventure."

Whether as critic or as plain Third Programme listener, I should turn with no little expectation to a new feature written by Henry Reed. Well, here was *Shakespeare in Italy*, a lighthearted piece of scholarly fancy (as it turned out), set in five northern Italian cities that the poet might have visited—the London theatres being closed by plague—in 1593. Ferrara, Verona, Padua, Venice, Mantua are the cities; a meeting with Italian actors, three days in a prison cell, the planning of *The Shrew*, a confession of frustration to a Mantuan stranger (none other, did he but know it at the time, than the Duke Vincenzo Gonzago, patron of poets): these are the chief events. It was in spirit a comedy, charming and ingenious in idea, and certainly evocative of its golden scene: yet I cannot say that left any echoes, like some of Mr. Reed's earlier work. The dialogue had humour, verve, and sometimes grace: nothing of sharpness or economy. All the poetry, both of landscape and reflection, lay in the long prose passages between the scenes; these had a moody beauty; the late spring of the Italian scene matching the late uneasy spring of Shakespeare's writing. But the poetry and the play remained separate, though this kind of feature should be their meeting ground; and Mr. Reed is first a poet; a man of drama long after. Perhaps the real difficulty lay in Mr. Reed's Shakespeare—likeable enough in Mr. Marius Goring's presentation, but too human, too modern, too slight. The truth is, I suppose, that any conception of a character, even one whose impact on the mind is less powerful and more detailed, needs to be not only historically but imaginatively true. This Shakespeare may have been the one, but it was not, alas, the other.

Ouspensky's remarkable novel *The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin* (presented, like so many other experimental pieces, on a Sunday afternoon) became in Felix Felton's version and Frederick Bradnum's production a remarkable radio play. "But this is simply turning on a wheel! It's a trap!" says the young man who has been given a second chance, and makes the same mistakes. "My dear friend, this trap is called life," returns the magician. "You mean that nothing can be changed?" "I didn't say that—" and here follows the strange and exhilarating philosophic twist. Vivid and leisured in the Russian manner, irresistible in its subject, this play should be heard again. NAOMI LEWIS

Burgundy Drawings by Josef Herman, at Roland, Browse & Delbanco

These forty pen and wash drawings—the result directly of a recent visit to France, and indirectly of twenty years' discipline—give one an opportunity of discovering and enjoying the precise nature of Herman's genius. Certainly there is no one in this country who can surpass him as a draughtsman. The essential quality of Herman's drawing is its compactness, its weight, its lack of stray ends and flimsy irrelevancies. And this is true on every level. Each of his drawings is made up of component parts—a part being the shaft of a cart, the space of sky around a shawled head, the upright foreshortened silhouette of a wheel—which together form, within the rectangle of the paper, a compositional sequence as clear and reliable as a sequence of rounded arches in a cloister. While the figures themselves—peasant women, fishermen, miners—are so established by his unequivocal, stumpy lines and the accompanying areas of supple tone, that their limbs appear as self-contained and as true to their action as the handles of shovels or scythes. Also, the body of his work as a whole is compact; he can draw a hill, a dog, an ox, a palm tree, and while allowing each its characteristic idiosyncrasies, subordinates them all to the unity of his constant vision. His vision is always as big as his subjects. One has the impression of a man facing four square to the world, dependable and confident because his faith—he is one of the few *intrinsically* socialist artists—his poetic vision and the rhythm with which his hand moves across the paper, are inseparable. J. B.

The London Group, New Burlington Galleries

This year's 300 works seem, if taken as a whole, to be of a slightly higher standard than last year's. They are also better hung. There is the same range of styles and the same feeling that many of the artists are stationary in a doldrum. But as one walks around hunting for the inevitably few significant works, one must acknowledge one's gratitude to the Group for presenting a fair cross-section of what is being done, for being open-minded and sensitive if not inspiring. To me the show was important because it convinced me that two artists, who have previously interested me, fully deserve a reputation: Brian Robb and Pat George. Robb's portrait of a painter in his studio, despite its rather hard colour, is an outstanding picture. In it he has begun to use his once ambiguous sense of pattern for a precise and definite purpose—the coloured triangles and stray lines now really "fix" the movements of the well and carefully drawn figure who hesitates before his easel as alert as a listening animal. Pat George's street scene might be dismissed as just another Euston Road essay, but I beg the visitor to look at it more closely, to notice how each plane separate itself in space, and how beneath the skilful tonal observation there is an urgency of intention which gives the picture a rare authenticity in both formal and human terms. Other paintings well worth seeing are an early Matthew Smith of a nude tumbling from a bed of white roses (although I suppose they are actually draperies), two excellent abstracts by William Scott—the simultaneous economy and sensual richness of these black and red canvasses surpasses anything I have seen by De Stael—a crisp urban landscape by Carl Cheek, a painting of a pier by Derek Rencher, a poetic picture of some oyster-catchers by Daphne Chart and a Ceri Richards of Trafalgar Square. J. B.

Pictures from the Bowes Museum, at Agnew's

A selection of pictures from the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle (Co. Durham), has been placed on show at Agnew's. The Museum is too far off the beaten track for many to have visited it, and those who have done so are put off by the hideous splendour of the Victorian "French Renaissance" building where the collections are housed, and by room after room of bric-à-brac. This is the first time the masterpieces have been isolated and hung in ideal lighting conditions. The result is spectacular. Everyone knows about the Tiepolo sketch (the best in England, perhaps), the Greco *St. Peter* (purchased, astonishingly enough, twenty-two years before the publication of *A Rebours*), the little Sassetta and the two Goyas. But there are many others which would not look silly in the National Gallery. There is space only to single out a few. On the end wall of the upstairs gallery is a huge triptych by the so-called "Master of the Virgo inter Virgines," an outstanding Dutch primitive. On the staircase is a smallish Heemskerck *Christ appearing to St. Peter* and downstairs a Primaticcio *Rape of Helen*—two Mannerist pictures that could well be used to confound those who persist in maintaining that Mannerism is a temporary fashion. The "Zurbaran" is disappointing but there are other Spanish pictures of beautiful quality, notably a monumental *St. Peter of Alcantara* by Fray Juan Rizi. The Museum is rich in the French eighteenth century: it would be hard to find more glorious examples of Hubert Robert and Claude Joseph Vernet than these. The collection was formed in the mid-nineteenth century and stops at Courbet and Boudin. B. N.

Marie-Claude and Franck Theuveny, at the Wigmore Hall

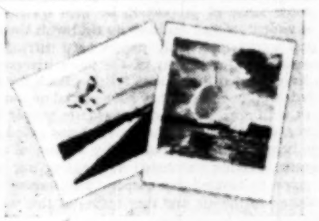
The sonata recital given by these two young musicians, who are sister and brother, was of uncommon interest. Mlle Theuveny is a considerable artist. Drawing from her violin a stream of pure tone, and possessing a finger technique so secure as to be unnoticeable, she has placed these qualities at the service of a deeply musical nature. Her brother is no self-effacing accompanist, but a vigorous, sometimes almost aggressive, partner. It is natural that their collaboration should revive memories of Ginette and Jean Neveu; but, to judge by a single recital, the two violinists differ in musical personality. Ardour and energy were the outstanding virtues of Ginette Neveu, while Mlle Theuveny is most remarkable for the classical serenity and composure of her playing. These qualities produced an admirable interpretation of Bach's Sonata in E major; and they were even better suited by Fauré's Second Sonata in E minor—a late work, seldom heard in comparison with the popular A major. As in most of Fauré's later music, there is a tendency towards monotony of texture and pulse, especially in the outward movements; but the andante, which opens with just such a *petite phrase* as haunted Swann, is a perfect example of the composer's subtle and transparent style. The Theuvenys' playing of this movement was memorable. D.S.-T.

"The Long Mirror," at the Royal Court Theatre

The Long Mirror belongs to the tail-end of Mr. Priestley's time period; and Time is periodically, though a little vaguely, invoked as if it might explain the phenomenon he wishes to impose on our belief. This phenomenon is a telepathic one. A girl finds herself living in the mind and feelings of a young composer whom she does not personally know. Yet so close is her communion that she knows even at a distance everything he feels, thinks, does. He is stuck in his work and his marriage is on the rocks, and at this point she decides to intervene in person. She knows that he is coming from America to a small country hotel in Wales to meet his wife, and she arranges to confront him there and face him with the evidence of her "possession." Mr. Priestley is evidently a little uneasy about this situation, for in his foreword he asserts that he has known such a thing actually happen. But truth or falsehood in the order of reality have nothing to do with it; the artist succeeds only in so far as he compels us to believe. In *The Long Mirror* Mr. Priestley did succeed for me with the phenomenon itself. The situation is cunningly placed and interestingly developed up to the end of the second act, when the girl and the composer decide to go off together and abandon the wife. Then, in the last act, for no very satisfactory reason, the girl suffers a change of heart. This, not the phenomenon itself, was the incredibility, as it was presented to us. The play relies heavily on the acting of the possessed girl played here by Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson. Miss Forbes-Robertson has taken to accentuating her mannerisms at times to a point of self-parody. But the fact is that this intense, atmospheric actress is an acquired taste; and those who have acquired it will enjoy the play for her performance alone. Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. Eynon Evans contribute effectively. T. C. W.

"Caro William," at the Embassy

Attracted by the personality of Lady Caroline Lamb, Mr. William Douglas Home decided to write a play about her. Understandably, he based it on Lord David Cecil's *The Young Melbourne* and throughout he sticks faithfully to his source-book. This method has its drawbacks. In life—and in her letters—Lady Caroline often showed an attractive character. She had wit, gaiety, intelligence, tearing high spirits. She quoted Theocritus when stung by wasps and could write, recommending a governess: "Miss X. is sensible, handsome, young, good, unsophisticated and independent . . . but she has a cold and a cough and is in love. I cannot help it, can you?" In the theatre, unfortunately, it is only her worst side that is dramatically effective. We get the hysteria, the seedy love affairs, the sentimental tirades, the brandy-drinking; we miss the intervening enchantment. The



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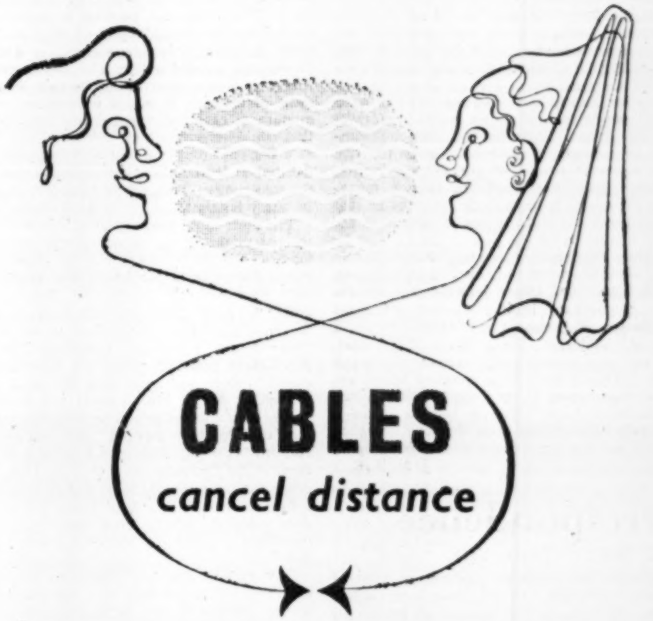

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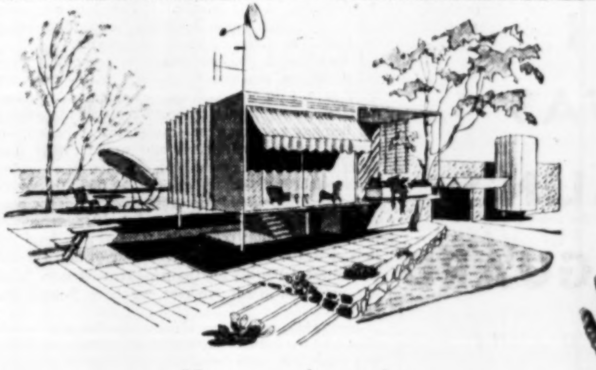

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"Fairy Sprite" of Devonshire House has turned into the "Little Beast" of Brocket. Lady Caroline comes over the footlights as an exhibitionistic bore, and the playgoer who meets her for the first time must be puzzled as to why a dramatist should have thought her tantrums worth a whole evening's consideration. Mr. Home was probably right to leave Byron out: yet to do so is almost to give us *Hamlet* without the Prince. Nor is the play well-constructed; to prolong a death-bed agony for *two scenes* is a severe breach of playwright's licence. These things apart, I enjoyed Mr. Home's reconstruction very much. It contains the best first act that he has written so far and the loss of interest in the remaining two-thirds of the play is the fault of its subject rather than one of writing. Robert Harris makes an admirable worn and chiselled patrician out of William Lamb and Oliver Johnston and Pamela Alan are excellent as brother George and sister Emily. Evelyn Roberts's Lord Melbourne is a masterly old dodderer, Freda Gay's Lady Melbourne an over-suburbanised version of grand Whiggery. This great lady is common where she should be coarse-grained. As Caro herself, Daphne Arthur makes a brave effort to interest us in a monumentally uninteresting stage character. Stephen Doncaster's settings are delightful and perfectly in period.

J. N. B. R.

Correspondence

THE BIRCH AND THE "CAT"

Sir,—Under the stentorian guidance of most of the national newspapers, we shall soon have reached a position where anyone who opposes the restoration of flogging for crimes of violence will be suspected of being a violent criminal himself.

On this blessedly inexhaustible subject there seem to be two main streams of thought in editorial offices. One of them, the respectable one, flows from a preoccupation with the sanctity of property. (It is this, not the sanctity of human life or the dignity of its personality, that is the ancient basis of our criminal law.) The other, the popular or comic-strip one, flows from the special appeal of the "cat" and the birch to infantile interest—which, as Dr. Edward Glover has pointed out in *The Psychopathology of Flogging*, glosses over its significance as an instrument of torture. It would be easy to work out a mixture of chemical, surgical, and electrical stimuli that would induce the same amount of pain and shock as a flogging: but it would be repudiated and condemned as legal torture by the social conscience of the community—whatever newspaper it read or wrote its angry letters to.

The most interesting aspect of this perennial controversy is that it will never be stilled by facts and figures. Six times this year in the House of Commons, and twice in the Lords, Government spokesmen have patiently shown that flogging does not diminish violent crime, and that, to quote the Home Secretary answering Sir Thomas Moore on July 24, "the crimes previously punishable by corporal punishment have not risen but have steadily declined." Over and over again the myth about the Garrotting Act of 1863, namely that it enabled the Judges to stamp out garrotting by giving sentences of the "cat," has been exposed "once and for all." Mr. Asquith began this long-term process with his statement in the Commons on March 28, 1900, that "this crime had been brought to an end as a serious danger before the House, in a fit of panic, due to one of its own members having been garrotted, resorted to legislation. Garrotting was put down without the lash."

The present House of Commons seems less susceptible to panic, though it is not the same House as that which abolished corporal punishment in 1948 without a division. Yet even the fact that flogging does not diminish crime, even the more arresting fact that it has long been virtually a British monopoly, might not discredit it completely if people's genuine anxiety were indeed allayed by the belief that somewhere, out of sight and hearing, one man unknown to them was being beaten by another. But the whole history of penology shows that, in Romilly's words, cruel punishments have an inevitable tendency to produce cruelty in the people. "The legislator who orders whipping," said Bentham, "knows not what he does. The Judge is nearly as ignorant."

I find that I, too, am nearly as ignorant. Provided that my newspaper will allow me to close my mind to it, I do not much care what is done to these merciless young men who are maiming and robbing the helpless and innocent—except that I believe no criminal to be irredeemable and would expect that belief to inform their treatment. Sentences of twelve years might be salutory enough, if only the overcrowded prisons could cope with them. But the provisions of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, especially those introducing corrective training (a kind of Borstal treatment for the twenty-one-to-thirties) and preventive detention for the persistent offender, have not yet been tried; whereas we have flogged for centuries.

Meanwhile, newspaper clamour for flogging is sustained by the familiar high-pressure methods of selective reporting, scare headlines, rhetorical leaders and an almost total ban on the voice of reason. It is all doing incalculable harm, exacerbating the crime problem we already have and creating, among other things, a panic to be promptly exploited by a variety of interests, from whip-salesmen to the manufacturers of patent locks. The *News of the World* says that its readers' letters supported by fifty to one a recent article in which, using little drawings of whips and birches to separate the paragraphs, it started them off on their prim Sabbath with a clarion call for the "cat." I should have expected it to be a thousand to one.

The fact we must face is that one of the things the public demands, in its present state of grace, is flogging (for others) and news and discussion of flogging. A popular newspaper must supply these or die. I suggest, Sir, that it is therefore the somewhat lonely function of publications such as your own, *The Times*, and the *Manchester Guardian* to go on presenting the sober facts, in the hope that they may sometimes be faintly audible through the din.

C. H. Rolph

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FREDERICK MULLER

Sir,—It seems to me, as a magistrate, important that some sense of proportion be kept on the subject of violent crimes and how to deal with them. In the past weeks most daily papers have carried some comment on it, and many of the more irresponsible ones have headed their views "Bring Back the Cat," or words to that effect. They have played on our sympathies with appalling stories of elderly people living in terror, of children's money boxes being rifled and a kitten being used as a football by a gang of young hooligans. Having succeeded in arousing our anger, they go on to demand that corporal punishment be reintroduced forthwith, and they assure us that we shall then sleep safer in our beds. They even go so far as to ask for the power to order a birching to be restored to Juvenile Court Magistrates. The whole proposition is reduced to a simple logic. It is assumed that the fear of pain will prevent violent crime. The facts do not bear this out. First, it is far too early to judge the results of the 1948 Criminal Justice Act, which in any case has not been fully implemented. Secondly, the type of crime for which corporal punishment was ordered before that Act has not in fact increased. Thirdly, it is widely recognised by those who work with criminals that the man who has suffered such punishment is more likely to become an embittered enemy of society than a reformed character.

Surely we must take a long view. Society must not so love revenge that it loses sight of the ultimate aims—the protection of the public and the reformation of the criminal. And these, I submit, are best served by a lengthy term of imprisonment. A further step might well include compensation to the victim, provided as far as possible by the attacker.

We were the last European country to abolish corporal punishment. Are we now to confess failure and stand branded as a retrogressive country which can find no answer for the thug but further violence?

Anne E. Allen

21 Lydford Road,
London, N.W.2.

THE OLD AND THE SICK

Sir,—Mr. Fienburgh, in his article "The Old and the Sick" in your issue of October 25 concerns himself with a problem which requires a lot more thought and consideration. He quite rightly applauds the change in attitude which has taken place since the break-up of the Poor Law system and the attempts which are being made to brighten up the Institutions in order to make them more comfortable places for their inmates. There is, however, an overall lack of progress as regards the social welfare of the elderly, and Mr. Fienburgh, in dealing with this subject, is far too complacent.

It is true that the people running the Institutions are in many cases making splendid attempts to introduce pleasant colour schemes, comfortable armchairs and so on, but the plain fact is that the greater number of old people are being accommodated in what was formerly know as the workhouse. It is true that the general opinion is that the smaller unit—the eventide home—is the ideal place for an old person to settle down in, but there are very few of these homes and with the present restrictions on building and the high cost of converting large dwelling houses, one cannot see many of these homes appearing in the measurable future.

Mr. Fienburgh, whilst approving of the eventide homes, states that there will always be the need for the large Institution in which the drunkards and the unclean can be housed, but surely these people have the right to share in the comforts and advantages of the smaller home. Why not house the drunkard in a decently arranged home for inebriates? And why cannot we give the unclean person the opportunity of mixing with and learning from his fellow inmates who, largely because of social circumstances, know a different and better way of living. Any other policy for these people would be inhuman and unsocialistic.

The writer has broached the subject of who should be responsible for the chronic sick. Clearly it is uneconomic that they should occupy a hospital bed which now costs anything from £14 a week, and yet at the same time it is inconvenient for them to be nursed in the local authority home. Some thought should therefore be given to the possibility of placing on the local authority responsibility for providing a home similar to the ones already accommodating the able-bodied elderly in which the chronic sick could be cared for. In the case of the chronic sick outside the hospital and the residential home, who are being cared for by relatives and friends, a way of alleviating the undoubted strain which is now imposed on these people would be to provide a service such as that of the home help whereby women and men could be employed to go into the home and sit with the old person during the day or night. The Welfare State may have broken down at this point, as Mr. Fienburgh says, but this does not mean to say that every attempt should not be made to extend the social services to cover needs which have so far been sacrificed to the call of economy.

One last point: Mr. Fienburgh refers to the number of elderly people who, whilst living in the most poor circumstances, refuse to accept admission to an Institution. Has it occured to him that so many of these people have lived alongside the "workhouse" that nothing will induce them to accept the care offered to them by the local authority as long as this means entering the same building, even if it has received a clean coat of paint and (possibly) a more enlightened warden? DREDAGH J. DRAIN

87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead,
London, N.W.3.

THE VOICE OF THE SETTLER

SIR,—In the letters of Messrs. Blundell and Trinder there seem to be an underlying agreement on the assumption that the African is by divine sanction an inferior being, whatever they may *say* to the contrary. Starting from this premise all their thoughts and general outlook become quite understandable. Mr. Claydon's letter of October 25 is the only one so far that is liberal in thought; but he tacitly admits failure for himself and his kind and is reduced to doing good by stealth.

Amongst the European members of the recently elected Legislative Council the breadth of outlook stretches from the absurdities so ably expressed in the "Kenya Settler's letter" of October 4 to a gentlemanly, Victorian conservatism which appears liberal by comparison. Government based on African Nationalism is unthinkable but "the legitimate advance of the African people" will be allowed. How does Mr. Blundell interpret the word "legitimate"? Yet "domination of other races" has no place.

Mr. Trinder, on the other hand, asks triumphantly where in England is there such an appalling record—referring to the death of four Europeans in a district of about fifteen thousand Europeans. He mentioned as an afterthought that one African chief was also killed. Without going into statistics, may I remind Mr. Trinder that no section of the English population is treated like the African in Kenya? Mr. Trinder does, however, accept in principle that in the far future the native populations of all colonies will find their proper place in the governments of their countries, and finally displays a truly overwhelming magnanimity when he confesses himself ready "to champion the numerous underdogs of this turbulent world"; but, of course, facts must be faced and the house put in order first.

Both gentlemen agree that the land-hunger of the African must be satisfied. But how? Will such lands be granted as befits the status conferred on him by the White settler? Have Messrs. Blundell and Trinder forgotten how their fellow settlers obtained land from the Kikuyu? The Present is undoubtedly the child of the Past; an obvious fact frequently forgotten.

Can there be an equitable social and economic settlement in Kenya as long as the leaders of the White community live in an intellectual and spiritual back water in which they see reflected only their own supreme self-importance? Jomo Kenyatta, head of the African Union of about one hundred thousand members, has been flown to a jail hundreds of miles away. Two Labour M.P.s on their arrival at the Nairobi airport were greeted by twenty vociferous White ladies with the advice to go home. Now three hundred people have signed a petition for them to be deported. Chiefly because they have "let down the side badly" by stopping in the house of an Indian—a *native*, you know!—on their fact-finding mission. Arms are being freely handed out to White settlers and steel-helmeted troops parade the streets. The score in prisoners has risen to about five thousand. Whilst the Colonial Secretary, now on the spot, has declared that he will neither see the Labour M.P.s nor Kenyatta, against whom no charge has been laid. Naturally, order must be restored, but a mere show of strength will solve nothing. Will only the African yes-men be consulted, if at all? Must colonial history repeat itself with a crushing, mechanical accuracy? There are so many examples, India, Burma, Mexico, Indonesia, Egypt, to mention a few.

RONALD C. MOODY

OBJECTORS TRIBUNALS

SIR,—Many thanks to your journal and to Mr. Benn Levy for at last drawing attention to one of the most serious drawbacks in the administration of the Tribunals for Conscientious Objectors. It is high time that the Government pointed out to members of the Tribunals that it is no part of their job to examine the merits of the opinions put before them; they are there only to discover if these opinions are sincerely held by the applicant.

My own case is, I think, a fairly typical example of the way the Tribunals are conducted. For the main part I was asked questions of such particular emphasis (e.g., "What would you do if you saw a man about to shoot your little sister?") that I had no chance to state the principles upon which I had based my application. I had done so briefly in my prepared statement but, once that had been read over to me by the Chairman and I had agreed to it, it was not again referred to. When I realised that my hearing was nearly over and tried to volunteer further clarification of my views I was politely asked to stand down.

After consulting his colleagues the Chairman announced that the Tribunal had decided that my objection was intellectual, not conscientious, and that my application had therefore failed. There was no question that I was not sincere in my beliefs. They were just in the wrong category. HAROLD JACKSON

Canonbury, London, N.1.

THE BANK RATE

SIR,—Richard Winter's article is a timely reminder that a rise in the bank rate will not reduce total credit and leads to increases in Government expenditure. But he does not kill the myth as effectively as one should like to see it done. For he still assumes that a higher bank rate is in any case effective in reducing the demand for long-term credit in industry and trade. This is not so. It is quite ineffective in stopping inessential, speculative, noxious or illegal investment. Instead, it stops investment in public utilities, or non-profit-making enterprises—in anything of social value. Amusement arcade proprietors, second-hand car dealers, television set manufacturers and the like do not look at the bank rate: they begin to trade or manufacture when they expect to make 20, 50 or 100% p.a. on their capital: and consequently do not care whether they borrow at 3, 5 or 10%. Corporation transport undertakings, housing societies, etc., work to margins where 1% matters. The great nationalised corporations must invest whatever the bank rate: but every increase must at once be passed on to the consumer. It therefore takes strong Ministerial pressure to ensure that they gear their capital demands to the long-term national interest.

In a word, the bank rate has no effect except as a psychological weapon: and the thick-skinned do not respond to that. It is doubtful even in the history of the trade cycle of the 19th century whether an increase in the bank rate ever stopped a boom: only disappearance of public confidence could do that. Let us declare therefore in the strongest possible terms that there is only one way to guide investment in a Socialist economy: by collecting all loanable funds centrally, and investing them where public interest demands it, at the lowest rate of interest effective in producing such funds in the amounts required.

D. E. C. EVERSLEY

117 Wychall Road, Northfield,
Birmingham 31.

SAN MARINO

SIR,—As an Englishman I share the shame of Aylmer Vallance for the violation of the neutrality of San Marino in June, 1944. As a member of the Labour Party I am even more ashamed at the disregard that was shown by the late Labour Government towards the claim, the very just and modest claim for £420,000 compensation.

Is there no Labour M.P. who will stand up and speak on behalf of San Marino, which until 1944 had been at peace for nearly 500 years? Is there no Labour M.P. who will stand up and admit our liability to this small but magnificent Republic whose standing army of 12 is surely an example to us all? As a member of the Labour Party I can only hope that there is. PATRICK FARVELL

High Wycombe,
Bucks.

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Books in General

Arthur Koestler has been the most gifted and clinching journalistic brain in Europe during the last fifteen years. *Darkness at Noon* was the political novel of its decade. A displaced person from his youth, Koestler has known conversion and apostasy, and he has had enough exhibitionism in him to put these things forward as vivid personal dramas. They were personal in any case; three out of four of the people he knew closely by the time he was thirty, met their death by violence in war, the prison camp or by suicide. In a sense he has been the news itself, and his egotism has enabled him to write the headlines of our public conscience. Behind this art has lain a simple expedient which he probably learned from his early training in engineering and science. It is a method which has the advantage of being dramatic: isolate your problem, and then divide it into two if you wish to conquer it. That is to say, Koestler is an either/or man. The dualism, as he points out, ran unconsciously into his titles: you either arrive or you depart, you are a Yogi or a Commissar, it is darkness yet it is noon. Again in his new book, which is an autobiography, he shoots his arrow searching for knowledge into the blue that denies a final answer, and he sees himself as a man not subject to many bewildering impulses but governed decisively again by sets of two: first, moral indignation and secondly, a feeling that is "oceanic," and contemplative. Granted a skill in docketing ideas and events, there could hardly be a better basis for didactic journalism.

The system has had its vices. I need only mention the chief one: the very Central European love of turning facts into hypotheses and of casting them in high-sounding scientific circumlocutions. Like a sort of intellectual limelight, they drew attention to the writer. We detected at once, what he says of his youth in *Arrow in the Blue*: that he was the spoiled boy of the precocious intellect whose emotions were for a long time infantile. But to use one's self in reporting, in novels of propaganda and as a publicist, is quite another matter from inquiring into one's self in autobiography. Memory makes us humbler and more sceptical. The facts are, after all, life, not theory. The person one discovers in one's past is such a stranger that his very shames call out for a fresh trial, a more instructed jury. Mr. Koestler's lively intelligence is exhilarated by the sight of the temptations to be avoided in autobiography, and the result is that *Arrow in the Blue* is a mellower and far wiser book than any he has yet written; it does not burn like *Scum of the Earth*, which will be read 50 years hence, but it is candid without turgidity, tender without tears; and the Koestler myths and hypotheses themselves, when they turn up, have an intellectual springiness which his earlier deuteronomys often lacked.

We can now fix the day when, sitting on a bench in a Viennese park at the end of three years of student happiness, he first felt moral indignation. He had just read a pamphlet on the anti-Jewish riots in Palestine. Yet as he choked and sickened with rage, he turned to another book on the bench beside him, one on Einstein; and, reading there that the theory of relativity "led the human imagination (in the writer's cliché) across the peaks of glaciers never before explored by any human being," he had a vision of the insignificance of the martyrdom of man, ceased to choke and sank relaxed and happy into "the self-dissolving stillness of the 'oceanic' feeling." Not a very uncommon experience in adolescence, nor is it distinctive that he felt loneliness and guilt in childhood, suffered miseries of shyness for the shames of an insincere gregarious persona. (It was uncomfortably easier to address a meeting than to talk to an individual.) What is interesting about this is that memory turns us into artists and makes us note the indifferent smile of time and place. We turn back the pages to his earlier years and we clearly see a brilliant only child with his four languages, his mathematical gifts, shut off from other children in the flat in Budapest or Vienna. We see the boy emotionally converted to Bela Kun's idyllic Communism, by the sound of Chopin's Funeral March and by the immense amount of ice-cream that was on sale at the time. We see the punishing nurse standing among the ugly furniture. We see the intolerable exuberance of his meetings with other children whom he pounced upon and dismayed by his hunger for company and his passion for showing off; his quick disappointment when *he* saw they were not all he hoped and *they* thought he was too much. Later on, the pattern was to be repeated; he fell for people and soon sickened; he infuriated better organised natures and still hoped. It was childish; and yet perhaps he simply inherited restlessness from his wandering cosmopolitan parents who were always changing from flats to hotel rooms and boarding houses, pursuing some peculiar bubble of their own. Koestler père is an earlier model of the son: a man going from one "colossal" or "stupendous" business project to another, chasing the fortune-myth in such things as a crankish machine for opening envelopes, and ending—with the romantic unworldiness of businessmen—by being easily swindled by his partner. Father and son were expatiators in their differing worlds, and the son's sudden decision to give up engineering, to go to Palestine as a Zionist, and his jobs there—from farm work, lemonade selling, clerking, land surveying and attempts at local journalism and politics—show the same restlessness, the same anxious yet cocksure appetite.

The chapters on his student days in Vienna and his life on the happy starvation line of youth in Palestine are the most engaging in the book. He starved for a year there, lived on dates and olives, slept on sofas in peoples' offices. One detects underneath this the dead certainty of the young spendthrift of time who really knows what he is up to. One gets an excellent picture of resentful yet untouchable youth in the comedy of his job as a land surveyor:

> The surveyor was Abram's brother, Ilyusha Weinshal, an engineer and the notorious Don Juan of Tel Aviv. He was tall, dark and dashing, with slanting eyes and that faun-like smile which women in all climates are alleged to find irresistible. He was the only one of the Weinshal brothers with whom I did not become friends, the reason was that I envied him. My job consisted in trudging through the dunes carrying a twelve-foot pole with black and white horizontal stripes, and setting it up at certain points as a landmark for Ilyusha while he took his bearings by peeping through his sextant. As we were often separated by a mile or more, he had to signal to me by waving his arms or by blowing a whistle, which made me feel like a sheep-dog. During an eight-hour day I would march some 15 miles across the sand in scorching heat, sometimes on an empty stomach. Yet it was a leisurely and easy job; trudging along the yellow dunes, I could spin lazy dreams around the question mark which was my future . . . . Unfortunately Ilyusha could only employ me once a week which meant living on a shilling a day.

Ilyusha went back to Europe at the wrong moment and committed suicide.

But Koestler's urge to go to Palestine is the interesting thing. (Also the fatal confession, when he got to the first community there, that he would not stay for long.) The conversion was irrational; he was captivated by Jabotinsky the great Zionist. There was the craving for a Utopia, a small, just society. He could never resist what the Western European dreads: a high-minded community. Yet fundamentally it bored him and Zionism faded out of his life until 13 years later Hitler's gas chambers began to work. His work with the Revisionists gave him his first lessons in the bitter sectarian quarrels of idealistic societies, the casuistries by which closed doctrines so fascinate and sharpen clever minds, that these retain their faith by forgetting what its object is. Koestler's was a good training for the Communist Party, and it would have done, too, for the Roman Catholic church. By nature Koestler was fatally a non-fellow traveller; as he himself says, he was a Casanova of causes, a rebel not a revolutionary.

On those occasions when Koestler is an artist, it is in his passages of pure travel—one remembers the landscapes of *Thieves in the Night*—and analytical evocation.

> Jerusalem Sadness is a local disease like Baghdad Boils, due to the combined effect of the tragic beauty and inhuman atmosphere of the city. It is the haughty and desolate beauty of the walled-in mountain fortress in the desert; of tragedy without catharsis. The angry face of Yahveh is brooding over the hot rocks which have seen more holy murder, rape and plunder than any other place on this earth. Its inhabitants are poisoned by holiness. Josephus Flavus who was a priest in the city and suffered from Jerusalem Sadness, has this strange phase: "The union of what is divine and what is mortal is disagreeable."

He catches the character of time, place and people at once: the inflation period in Vienna, the Bela Kun revolution, the subtle changes in the Ullstein newspaper office when the Nazis became more powerful, the smug caution of the French petit bourgeois in Paris who had built little Maginot lines round their lives, the Russian journalists with their terror of jokes, the moralities of the "serious" and "unserious" Parisian prostitutes. A generalisation or a theory always gives an edge to these studies and occasionally he arrives at one of those frightening psychological passes to which human nature can come. He is arguing, for example, that prostitutes take on the protection of sub-human pimps because they desire to punish themselves for their sin.

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* *Arrow in the Blue*. By Arthur Koestler. *Collins and Hamish Hamilton*. 18s.

The pimp is the false Messiah of the fallen woman, who makes her suffer without offering redemption. But that suffering without redemption may exist, and that an awareness of guilt may serve the purpose of the devil, was an idea too frightening even for Dostoevsky to face.

Arrow in the Blue has far more intimacy than the work of Koestler the publicist. The horror of the gas chambers is made far more real than argument can make it when he tells us the droll life-story of his aunt and uncle and their children and then suddenly shocks us with their ghastly end. Indignation can only blind and freeze where imagination makes us see and weep. An episode like this teaches us, what propaganda makes us forget—how to mourn. The account of his conversion to Communism with which the book ends is done in a calmer, more inquiring and tolerant spirit than he was capable of before. He makes a reputable peace between the rival claimants to be the midwives of revolution: neurosis and the desire for justice. The error of the Thirties was, he says, a noble one and indeed it was. But it is also an error, one may remark, to suppose that those who had no appetite for the absolute had no moral indignation or that they suffered from excessive happiness. Why pray for sanity when you despise sane men? Why preach universal happiness when you think happiness is the enemy of the just? Science, he says, injected doubt almost in the very moment of conversion. He puts it in a characteristic sentence in which one notes the familiar either/or:

> Since the Renaissance the Ultimate Cause had gradually shifted from the heavens to the atomic nucleus, from the supra-human to the sub-human and was just as unfathomable in terms of man's spatio-temporal experience as "destiny from above" had been.

The human was as comfortless as the divine: in the Thirties there was Hope, in 1951 there was none. (Was it not T. S. Eliot who said that despair is the lot of the disappointed, of those who have not the "tragic sense of life."?) What next? We eagerly wait the next instalment of this pressing and now sardonic conversationalist, who, at the end of this volume, sails off in a Zeppelin to the Arctic on a Press stunt with his first Russians on board. They mistrust him. He has radioed back home one of their jokes about Esthonia. It might (they said) create a bad impression.

V. S. Pritchett

PRAYER TO ST. LUCY

At this our solstice of history,
Santa Lucia, pray for me—
You, whose too bright, offending eyes
Like leonids fell from your face of skies:
Since I must do my difficult work,
Sixty per cent, at least, in the dark,
Ascended virgin, make petition
I am not quite blinded by erudition,
Lest the black pride of intellect
My senses, or my heart, infect.
These are the years where, still in vain,
We scan the unlimited heavens of pain,
Searching for an absconded God
(Yet under judgment, under His rod);
But may your wintry feast disclose
The first snowdrop, the Christmas rose—
Those white-clothed virgins of the earth,
The naked maiden, the plant of birth—
And faith is the substance of things not seen,
Under the snows of time, the green
Shoots of eternity; so, eyes being gone,
Still, still in the heart, the sun shines on.

John Heath-Stubbs

TWO DEMOCRATIC DECADES

The Future of American Politics. By Samuel Lubell. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s*.

The title of Mr. Lubell's fascinating book is misleading. While he raises some vital questions about the future course of American politics, he has really tried to explain the twenty-year rule of the Democrats. The material on which his theory is based has been collected over the past ten years, and it includes a careful analysis of voting habits, broken down into county and even precinct totals, and then related to the economic and ethnic composition of the districts concerned. It is a pity that Mr. Lubell only gives us the conclusions he reaches, and omits most of the statistics he has used. But I can detect no obvious error of deduction, and the omission has undoubtedly enabled him to make this one of the most readable books on American politics, as well as one of the most useful, that has appeared for a very long time.

Mr. Lubell's main thesis is that the balance of U.S. politics had shifted decisively after 1928, the year in which he first detects the secular swing towards the Democrats. This change was due to the emergence of a mass of new voters—the children of the thirteen million immigrants who reached the U.S. between 1900 and 1914—who are mostly concentrated in the large cities. For reasons that he gives at some length, these new voters had become the hard core of Democratic strength outside the South: they had, he says, put the Republicans "on the wrong side of the birth-rate." But this was not the only change. Though the Democrats were long the majority party, their divisions prevented them from having an effective majority in the U.S. The Southern Democrats are now, in a real sense, a third party, and together with the Republicans, they can ensure something like an automatic Conservative majority in Congress. (It was only the 1936 landslide that produced a liberal majority on Capitol Hill, and the two following years were the peak of Roosevelt's New Deal.) Thus two coalitions face each other. One, predominantly rural in origin—the South and Mid-West—has controlled Congress. The other, almost entirely urban, has had command of the Presidency for the last twenty years. The conflict between the two coalitions was the reason for the deadlock between the White House and Congress.

This, of course, is a gross simplification of Mr. Lubell's argument, but it serves to show the kind of case he is making. He takes, for instance, the common prediction of a formal alliance between the Dixiecrats and the Republicans, and he shows how and why this is happening, as industry and trade create a new middle-class in the South. The successful campaign against the liberals, Frank Graham and Claude Pepper, in the 1948 Senate primaries was a trial run by this alliance, which has come into the open with the Texas, Virginia and Florida middle-classes breaking the tradition of the solid South, in favour of Eisenhower. But Mr. Lubell is also aware of the dilemma this new situation creates for the South. The Negro can only be kept out of politics by a one-party system. The price of a two-party system is Negro enfranchisement, and in that case the conservatives of the South have no need to remain in the Democratic Party. At the moment, the South is torn apart by this dilemma, and 1952 marks the beginning of a new and complex period in American politics.

I have cited two examples of the kind of problem Mr. Lubell has faced, and tried to answer with something better and more soundly based than reiteration of stale clichés. But there are a dozen more. He has a careful analysis of the impact of Negro and other minority groups on voting, and thus indirectly upon legislation. His account of the political decline of the Irish-Americans—their defection from the Democratic Party certainly helped to defeat Stevenson—and their growing replacement by Italians and even Poles, throws new light on the inner working of the Democratic machines in the big cities. There is an account of farm voting that virtually explodes the myth about the rock-ribbed Republicanism of the farmer. It is the small country town, Mr. Lubell shows, that is the bedrock of the Republicans in the farm States. And there is a fascinating study of "isolationist" voting, in which Mr. Lubell demonstrates conclusively that this is far more the product of German-American voting—primarily against intervention in the two world wars—than of any geographical isolation in the Mid-West. It is simply that the bulk of the counties with large German-American electorates are concentrated in the Mid-West States.

The last part of this book, which should unquestionably be read with care by anyone who wants to understand the inner motion of American politics, is concerned with the difficulty of holding together the coalition of minorities, labour, the South, and the farmers, which served the Democrats so well, but has at long last broken up. Mr. Lubell thinks that it was latterly held together mainly by fear of losing what has been gained—"Don't Let Them Take It Away" has been the campaign song this year—than by any positive programme for the future. He points out that each section of the coalition could now gain, apparently, only at the expense of another. Like many other observers, he thinks a realignment of the American party system is in process, though he is careful not to specify the form it will take. But he has no difficulty in showing that the Roosevelt Revolution is a thing of memory, and that American liberalism was long since marking time. So long as the Democratic coalition held unchallenged power, it was unlikely to take any great step forward, for success had made the Democrats the party of the *status quo*.

When Mr. Lubell wrote this book, he did not anticipate the total collapse of the Democrats. But he did see that the coalition was disintegrating, and that it was merely a matter of time before the defeat came.

Norman MacKenzie

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THE FRENCH ON ANNAPURNA

Annapurna. By Maurice Herzog. Translated by Nea Morin and Janet Adam Smith. *Cape.* 15*s.*

This is not just another book about an expedition to the Himalaya. French mountaineers are the first to reach any mountain summit of over 8,000 metres (26,000 feet). It was a ghastly experience. All honour to their fortitude.

This standard of 8,000 metres in the Himalaya (where no peak rises to 9,000 metres) corresponds to the accepted class of the "four thousanders" in the Alps (where no peak reaches 5,000 metres). There were at least three occasions on the Everest expeditions when the limit of 8,000 metres was exceeded; but for mountaineers the world over it is the top and nothing less. Annapurna, in Nepal, is the first of this highest class to be climbed, and no British mountaineers will grudge so great a victory to their French friends.

This granted, a *caveat* will be lodged by the climber. When Pheidippides ran with the news from Marathon to Athens no one was particularly interested in the precise distance he ran. He got there, and so did the French. Thus the mountaineer has never accepted mere altitude as the only test of achievement; but he must grant that Annapurna meets all the other tests, too. For this ascent called for the highest degree of climbing skill. The upper middle section of the mountain presents difficulties of ice-climbing probably unsurpassed in the annals of Himalayan adventure. But success was touch and go. It is plain from the author's account that fatal disaster was only avoided by the constancy and devotion of the supporting party, Terray and Rébuffat. Without that the successful climbers—Herzog and Lachenal—could not have got down alive.

Unlike practically all recent Himalayan attempts, the Frenchmen were on such unknown ground that they had actually to find their mountain before they could begin to reconnoitre a route up it. They had examined Dhaulagiri from two sides without seeing any possible line of attack, and so turned to Annapurna. The topography was quite unknown and existing maps inaccurate. Ichac exclaims: "So that's what we've come to: just *looking* for Annapurna"—26,493 feet!

The party was of the most diverse character but linked together by the same unselfish idealism; an idealism based on individuality and not on any tyranny of herd-mentality driven by some authoritarian impulsion. Obviously each member had complete confidence in every other, and especially in their leader. Like all Himalayan successes, this one was due to fine team-work. Thus Herzog comes down from a final reconnaissance for a necessary day's recuperation at a lower camp. He finds that Terray is now the fittest man of the party and wants him as his companion for the final assault. But Terray says no; he does not mind whether he is on the first rope or not; the vital matter is for him to get a load up to Camp IV the very next day; the oncoming monsoon does not give them a moment to spare; he will wait his chance for the real ascent. Terray has his way despite Herzog's remonstrances.

The steady follow-up of the whole team is emphasised by de Noyelle's push from Tukucha, the last village, right through to the Base Camp, with all supplies and coolies, thus bringing the entire weight of the whole party into the line of battle. As each new high camp is established a supporting party comes up from the rear. Dr. Oudot, Ichac and de Noyelle, the invaluable rear echelon, reach Camp II as Terray and Rébuffat return exhausted by their efforts to establish Camp V. On the following morning Terray and Rébuffat, with two Sherpas, start up again, while Schatz and Couzy, with two more Sherpas, continue up from Camp III. Herzog and Lachenal set off for Camp V. The layout is perfect: the lines of communication are continuous and unbroken: the whole an irresistible surge of the French *élan*. Next day another *tour de force*: Terray and Rébuffat leave Camp II, strike Camp III, and carry everything up to Camp IV, thus gaining another precious day before the advancing monsoon.

Herzog and Lachenal go through a horrible night of storm at the last and highest camp. At 5.30 they can stand the cold no longer and get up. They have not enough energy left to melt snow for a drink and start off at 6. The cold is penetrating and every step a struggle of mind over matter. Lachenal loses sensation in his feet and is in dread of frost-bite. "If I go back, what will you do?" "Go on," replies Herzog. "Then I'll follow you," and they go on "as brothers." The final struggle to the summit is masked for Herzog by a deceptive feeling of well-being and of the freedom of a new world, which turns to rapture at the summit. As he takes off his gloves to get out his camera they slide away into space. His mind is not working normally, and he fails to realise that he should instantly use his spare socks as gloves. By now both men are badly frost-bitten. They get down as quickly as possible, to find Terray and Rébuffat ready to succour them with a second tent at Camp V. Perfect staff work again.

Next day, in a dense snow-storm and high wind they continue the descent but cannot find Camp IV in the *tourmente*. They creep into a crevasse, into which a snow avalanche penetrates during the night. By the morning Herzog's and Lachenal's hands and feet are frozen stiff, while Terray and Rébuffat have become snowblind. Herzog gives up hope and desire for survival and wishes to be left behind. Suddenly, only 200 yards away, Schatz appears, like a life-boat at a wreck. Ultimately the party is reunited. The two victorious climbers are carried down, their fingers and toes hopelessly frost-bitten, and have to face the gruesome journey on stretchers back through Nepal: the price of a famous victory by very brave men.

The narrative flows with a swing; action is continuous. The immediate present is ever before our eyes, and it is hard to realise that this book was written a year later in a French hospital. The translators have done their work well; both are experienced mountaineers, an invaluable qualification. The book is very well produced: there are two likely misprints for the ridiculous reviewer. With the numerous photographs, four of them in colour, and the excellent supply of maps, especially the fine coloured one at the end of the book, the price is extremely modest by present standards.

Tom Longstaff

Great Scott! Roget's Thesaurus!

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Tracy's Tiger. By William Saroyan. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Last Adam. By Ronald Duncan. *Dobson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The strange children are those "whose mouth speaketh vanity," in other words, a set of grown-ups at a small weekend house party in Tennessee. The host's only child observes the visitors and ponders. She reflects upon them as they play charades.

> The person who had thought of the word would repeat it over and over, shaking with laughter. Sometimes they would laugh so hard that they would have to put their arms about each other's shoulders in order to stand up. For days afterwards they might go off into gales of laughter at the mere mention of that word. Visitors did not understand how important the selection of the word was and were always suggesting words of their own. But her father and mother hardly ever listened to them. Uncle Tubby, she reflected, was not likely to waste his time acting out one of Mrs. Eglinton's words, even if he did smile at her so often.

The sly irony springing from the child's perceptive nine-year-old mind is sustained for the whole of Miss Gordon's unusual and poignant novel. (Every word is so deep, Leopold!) With great cunning, Miss Gordon uses Lucy rather as a concealed movie-camera from which the action, such as it is, is shot. Occasionally for variety she goes out on location to an oddly barbarous neighbouring religious sect known as the Holy Rollers, whose approach to God is through rattlesnakes. Lucy's father is a writer, and most of the guests seem at one time to have written poetry. Through the child's desolatingly clear vision we perceive the pattern of their lives—the lack of money, the incessant drinking, the rich meals, the conversational tearing to pieces of their friends. Beneath this Miss Gordon subtly sketches the emotional relations that subsist between them all. Her deepest preoccupation (a now much despised one) is, however the moment—the significantly conclusive point in time. To snare it she lays the most careful traps, the kind which flatteringly seem to leave a great deal to the reader.

Tantalisingly, too, Miss Gordon appears to point to some revealing contrast—does this concern the nature of their enthusiasm?—between the literary set and the Holy Rollers. Also she uses legend as a mirror. Lucy is reading about Undine, and this story of the water-nymph who gets a human soul reflects the central situation of the novel. Then right at the end comes the big moment—*it* happens. In the event itself one certainly does believe, but when the whole sequence is clear one wonders about the relevance of some of the preparatory build-up. Despite Miss Gordon's talent for tight organisation and the indisputable poetic richness of her choice of incidents there is an artificiality, a self-consciousness in her symbolism—in the play especially she makes with a stolen ivory crucifix—and, too, in her more horrific montage. Indeed, there is something most reminiscent of the cinema of Alfred Hitchcock in the way Lucy is suddenly whisked off during the charades and in the whole cryptic visual meaning of that

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episode. This set-piece does not contain the same degree of accuracy as some of her more simple inventions. She is, however, the most original and suggestive of writers. I have not come across anything so daring, so free from the burden of dead tradition for a long time.

Donkey Boy, by contrast, is heavily obsolete. Mr. Williamson, too, has a child at the centre of his book. He is a late Victorian middle-class little boy whose life was saved by asses' milk. We watch Philip's development up to the beginning of the reign of Edward VII when he wins a scholarship to a senior school. He goes through all the more conventional phases of childhood from half-articulate speech and petty thieving to alienation from Papa, worms, being bullied and the sprouting of a literary flair. The awful similarity and involuntariness of childhood! What dull harrowing reading! Mr. Williamson is not exclusively concerned with the suffering of the very young. His larger intention becomes plain when, after a very few pages, one realises that he is opening a huge haphazard historical bazaar. The Maddison family to whom he has again returned are the pretext for the Diamond Jubilee, Mafeking Day, Kipling, Mr. Belloc and all the rest of that crowded period. Not only does Mr. Williamson knowledgeably retail the big events, but also the most minute details. For a hundred or so pages of this one cannot but admire his staggering gift for the exact description of objects, clothes, architecture, places and so on; by the end of four hundred pages I found myself bitterly resenting having had the mind cluttered up with so much pointless bric-à-brac. "I knew the prose was straight and keen and true," Mr. Williamson said of *Tarka the Otter*. "Facts, you know . . ." Facts worked perfectly for that nature novel, but here what do they tell one about people?

Of the innumerable characters, the aunts, uncles, cousins and so on, only one quickened interest—Theodora, the young bluestocking who tried with a friend to set up a progressive school. But she, like the rest, is brought to no real conclusion. What, basically, is so unsatisfying about Mr. Williamson's vast enterprise is his major failure to create development, to manage an essential plot, in contrast to the steady plodding march of time which he handles with energetic assiduousness.

Though Miss Holden has set *The Owner* round about the time of the first world war, there is certainly no historical intention here; the past is merely a convenient backcloth for the career of a humble outsider who gradually and insidiously assumes control of an ancestral castle. Refreshingly heartless in the English manner, it is a cautionary tale. Some episodes are almost as good as Mr. Waugh, but this was an idea for a long short story which does not last anything like the distance as a full-length book.

Both *Tracy's Tiger* and *The Last Adam* in fact are long short stories. (Publishers at last seem to be coming round to this excellent form.) The tiger is a panther, it is also "love"; after a Hydrogen bomb test Mr. Duncan finds himself the only man in the world. On the trapeze of fantasy Saroyan swings with the carefree confidence of a seasoned trouper; Mr. Duncan dolled up to walk the stretched tight-rope of a cynical idea falls off embarrassingly again and again.

ANTHONY CURTIS

ERNEST BEVIN

Ernest Bevin. By FRANCIS WILLIAMS. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

In composing his portrait of Ernest Bevin, Francis Williams has taken the concept of loyalty as his main theme. As he frankly admits, he has not had access to new material nor does he make any serious attempt to analyse Bevin's conduct of foreign policy. The story he tells—apart from an admirable chapter on Bevin's tenure of the Ministry of Labour and one or two bits of inside history of the Labour Government—has all been published; and the main value of the book is that it gives a sympathetic but candid picture, based on long personal acquaintance, of the man who first rose to be the greatest trade union leader of his generation and then stamped his pattern of loyalty on the Labour Party.

What was this pattern? Mr. Williams disposes of two common misconceptions. Bevin was not a Right-wing politician like Herbert Morrison (whom he disliked and distrusted). His concern was not with electoral tactics and he cared nothing for the middle-class vote. On the contrary, he was emotionally class-conscious, and, on occasion, brutally indifferent to the susceptibilities of those who were not trade unionists. Indeed, until the mid-Thirties, he was contemptuous not only of "intellectuals," but of the whole Parliamentary leadership; and to the end his primary loyalty remained to the industrial worker rather than to the institutions of Parliament or Party.

In the second place, this loyalty was to organisations, not to persons. Mr. Williams recounts in detail his cruel treatment of Ben Tillett when he was forming the T. and G.W., and of George Lansbury at the Brighton Conference in 1935. Both in his ascent to power and through the years when he held that power, he was egotistical and ruthless in his personal relations, smashing his opponents—often unscrupulously—and permitting no one around him who could challenge his ascendancy. His enemies easily drew the conclusion that he was merely a self-seeking boss, but this was a superficial judgment. Despite his egotism, he remained devoted to what he used to call "my people," brushing aside the aristocratic embrace (he cared nothing for money or for titles) and never losing human contact with the men he led.

Loyalty in Bevin's creed involved two things. In the first place, although any amount of double talk was permissible during negotiations, agreements once entered upon must be honoured. This loyalty to a contract served him well in trade union negotiation and became the basis of his conduct of foreign policy. In his mind it involved as a corollary the unqualified acceptance by any organisations he led of the commitments he accepted on their behalf. This made him savagely intolerant of minorities either in his union or later in the Labour Party. What in his philosophy was unforgivable was not personal ambition or backstairs intrigue but any attempt to change policy by critics who did not share his burden of responsibility. This was the cause of his hatred of the intellectual who criticised the official policy from the sideline or sought to modify it from the back benches. Such activities, in his view, constituted a stab in the back.

Here again Mr. Williams clears up a common misconception. Ernest Bevin did not hate public school boys or intellectuals as such. Once he learnt to know them as members of his Foreign Office staff, or as Junior Ministers, he listened to them readily and when they got into trouble sprang to their defence as "his people." What he could neither stand nor understand was the independent critic in the union or in the party—the Socialist like Harold Laski with ideas but without ambition.

The secret, therefore, of Bevin was his innate sense that politics is concerned with power and his conviction that the assertion of working-class power is incompatible with the toleration of critics and minorities. It was for the leadership, in his view, to make policy and for the delegates at the Conference or the weekly meeting of the Parliamentary Party to receive it with acclamation. Those who aspire to share in policy making must do so within the official hierarchy or face the consequences. For good or for ill, Bevin stamped this monolithic concept of loyalty upon the British Labour Party as well as on his own union.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

SPECTRE DE LA ROSE

The Last Years of Nijinsky. By ROMOLA NIJINSKY. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Do you believe in fame? is the question which this sad and moving book leaves in my mind. For surely, if there is fame, among other things it should be a passport telling contemporaries that the immortals belong to a country not subject to the pettier bureaucratic regulations of the police. One believes in fame so much, indeed, that there is something incredible about the fact that Mozart died in a poorhouse. One thinks the Viennese must have forgotten that he was Mozart. It is difficult to accept the idea that if Shakespeare suddenly returned to life, and was known by everyone to be Shakespeare, he would not be allowed abroad unless his passport was in order.

Fame, after all, has something absolute about it. It is a pledge of authenticity achieved, and the fact that the famous man is old or mad or in decline, makes no difference, if his past has at some stage a recognisable and indubitable authority. One cannot dispute that in this sense Nijinsky was one of the immortal names of the twentieth century. In his madness he was the living wreck of a historic achievement which, as Romola Nijinsky points out, was one of the mainsprings of the modern movement in art. To admit ignorance of what Nijinsky was is ignorance indeed. Yet official ignorance seems to be different from ordinary ignorance. It gives itself airs of self-righteousness. And Mme Nijinsky's book goes far to show that in his last years, to the officials in several countries, the great Nijinsky was just a certifiable lunatic, and possibly a dangerous alien as well. To the Russians, it was true, he was a symbol of the neglect of a great artist by the bourgeoisie, and a possibly useful tool for propaganda. And they did, with all this, give him a public welcome in Vienna after the war, at a time when to "the West" he was simply a liability for various charitable individuals.

The fact is, I suppose, that in life there is no quality as absolute as fame sounds; to enjoy

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really the freedom of the living, you have to be dead. What happened in life was that certain people felt that Nijinsky should be treated as though he were unfettered by circumstances, but to others he was all too real—a has-been, a fading legend, a bore, and an expense. Romola Nijinsky, his wife, saved all our faces and even to some extent our honours; just as a princess, who had taken the dying Mozart into her palace, might have done for the eighteenth century. That she was his wife does not explain her action. There were plenty of people to assure her that it was her duty to abandon her husband. So her action in sticking to him, taking him out of the doctors' hands and the rooms of the mental institution, was more than marital duty. It was something for which all of us must owe her thanks.

In this volume she tells how at the beginning of the Second World War, Nijinsky, who had gone mad in the First, was at least partially cured. She decided to take him back to her. First they lived in Switzerland, then, in a misguided moment, they fled to Hungary, where they had to contest first with war on the side of the Nazis, then with occupation by the Russians. After horrible experiences, and still more horrible sights (she witnessed the taking away of the Hungarian Jews in cattle-trucks for their liquidation) they got to Vienna. Finally they escaped from the too affectionate hug of the Russians into the American Zone, and hence to Great Britain, where Nijinsky died whilst interminable negotiations were still dragging on for his American entry permit.

All this is well told and has considerable historic interest. One is left marvelling at Mme Nijinsky. Perhaps even more admirable than her love for her husband is a sense of honour which puts the governments of several Great Powers to shame.

STEPHEN SPENDER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEFORE attempting a brief account of the first issue of LP (33⅓) discs by E.M.I., it will be as well to set out, once for all, the indexical system adopted by the three companies concerned. (I am obliged for the present to ignore 45s, since I do not possess the equipment for playing them.) *H.M.V.:* Red label: ALP (12-inch), BLP (10-inch); Plum label: CLP (12-inch), DLP (10-inch). *COLUMBIA:* Light Blue label: 33CX (12-inch), 33C (10-inch); Green (= Dark Blue 78) label: 33SX (12-inch), 33S (10-inch). *PARLOPHONE:* Brown label: PMB (12-inch); Black label: DMD (10-inch). It will be recalled that two of these letterings (CLP and BLP) are already in use by the Nixa company: in future, therefore, such discs will be distinguished by the prefix H.M.V. or Nixa.

The first thing that struck me, on sampling the issue as a whole, was that, with a solitary exception (Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*—see below), the recording characteristics offered no great surprises. The standard is not, I think, in general very high—certainly not as high as that presented by Decca's 13th release, most of which I hope to notice this month. On the other hand, though I cannot pretend to have heard quite all of them, I should say that most of those E.M.I. issues which have already appeared on 78 emerge on LP as the same or slightly superior. I can detect no important difference in either version of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 (Solomon/Philharmonia/Dobrowen. HMV *§CLP 1001), of Vaughan Williams's Sixth Symphony (L.S.O./Boult. HMV *§BLP 1001), or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (Vienna/Phil/Karajan. §33CX 1004), of Berlioz' Overtures to *Le Corsaire, Benvenuto Cellini, Béatrice et Bénédict*, and *Les Francs Juges* (Philharmonia/Kletzki. **§33CX 1003), of Dvorak's Serenade for Wing and String Bass (London Baroque Ensemble. **§PMB 1001), of Mozart's Serenade in E flat major, K 375 (Ditto. **§PMB 1002), except, of course, that the silent surface (and for this the whole issue is noteworthy) clarifies the sound and enables many small details to be heard where on 78 they were obscured (*e.g.*, in the Epilogue of the Vaughan Williams symphony). Recordings that in transference show a slight gain in fidelity and comfort of tone are Nielsen's Fourth Symphony (*§ALP 1010); the Philharmonia/Karajan version of Strauss's *Don Juan*, which in LP becomes a double-star (it is coupled with ** *Till Eulenspiegel* on §33CX 1001) the Toscanini versions of Rossini's Overtures to *The Barber, La Gazza Ladra, La Cenerentola*, and *Il Signor Bruschino* (**§ALP 1007). Three issues that struck me as decidedly inferior to their 78 equivalents, because harsher and more confined, are Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony (La Scala/Cantelli. §ALP 1001), Balakirev's Symphony in C (Philharmonia/Karajan *§33CX 1002), and the Schumann Piano Concerto (Lipatti. *§33C 1001). In the latter case the difference would be perceptible only on very high-class equipment, and elsewhere the obvious advantages of LP in works of this extent go far to compensate for slightly inferior quality of sound.

Before proceeding to separate notices of recordings not previously published in any form, it will be convenient to consider together three new symphonic issues in which Toscanini conducts the N.B.C.S.O.: Beethoven No. 3 (§ALP 1008), Brahms No. 1 (§ALP 1012 and DB 9768-72), and No. 2 (*§ALP 1013 and DB 9773-6). The new "Eroica" is certainly a better recording than its calamitous predecessor—but this is saying very little; in fact, the quality of the sound throughout can be inferred from the first two chords, which resemble revolver shots passing through a petrol tin. The performance (it need scarcely be said) is one of great splendour—passionately controlled, phrased with the highest eloquence and carried through from beginning to end with a perfect sense of the whole structure; but all this has to be perceived through a texture that is relentlessly harsh and top-heavy. Though it is frowned on by my colleagues for reasons that escape me, I continue to recommend the Kleiber version of this symphony (**§LXT 2546) as by far the best buy. The Brahms symphonies, which I should judge were more recent recordings, fare very much better than the "Eroica." In No. 1 the tone is still better congested and "gramophony," and I feel strongly that most readers will be happier with the Van Beinum disc (**§LXT 2675), a really excellent recording of a performance that yields little, if anything, to Toscanini's. To the latter's No. 2 Furtwängler's tiresome version (§LXT 2586) is no rival at all: Toscanini's tempo and phrasing exactly translate into sound the October landscape of cool yellows and greys, and the recording, if not quite a double-star, is agreeable and well balanced. **BEETHOVEN**: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2 (Vienna Phil/Schuricht. §LX 3084 and *§LXT 2724). The first of these discs is disappointing—ungracefully conducted, with thin upper strings and carpety bass. On 78 both the pre-war Toscanini set (H.M.V.) and the more recent Walter (Col.) is greatly preferable; in any case, another LP is bound to come out before long. No 2 is altogether livelier and better recorded. **BEETHOVEN**: Symphony No. 9 (Gueden / Wagner / Dermota / Weber / Singverein der Musikfreunde/Vienna Phil/Kleiber. *§LXT 2725-6). Beautiful in tone as it unfailingly is—weighty in conception, and in execution both sensitive and vigorous—this fine performance does not wholly convince me. I miss the impressive drive of Karajan's rendering (in the 78 set), and in the first and third movements Kleiber's care for detail is too anxious: one cannot see the wood for the trees. Nevertheless, this is an acceptable version, with a better bass solo than that of Hans Hotter. The recording is well managed, but the tuttis are not quite free enough for two-star rating. I would advise readers to wait for the recording which Toscanini is known to be preparing. **SCHUBERT**: Symphony No. 9, C major (Concertgebouw/Krips. **§-LXT 2719). This is the performance—and recording—we have long hoped for. The glorious music is not merely understood but "felt along the blood," and Decca's engineers have responded magnificently to the high test. **SIBELIUS**: Sym-

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phony No. 1 (L.S.O./Collins. **§LXT 2694). Anthony Collins's admirable sense of style serves him well in this performance, which is extremely dramatic while avoiding the vulgarity of the Stokowski set. The dynamics are beautifully graded and the recording excellent. **Hindemith**: *Mathis der Maler*—Symphony (N.B.C.S.O./Cantelli. DB 9765-7). A well-conducted, authoritative rendering. Although by a narrow margin this seems now the best available version, it must be emphasised that the recording is cramped and unfaithful, and the tuttis are horribly shrill. **Beethoven**: Piano Concerto No. 5, E flat major (Gieseking / Philharmonia / Karajan). §33CX 1010). To my mind this performance lacks authenticity; Karajan exaggerates the contrast between the heroic and the contemplative in this formidably intricate work, and Gieseking's solo—despite some beautiful playing in the Adagio—manages to combine the affected with the slapdash in a manner that is ruinous to the total effect. At optimum volume the fortissimi sound offensive, the pianissimi almost inaudible. The Curzon 78 set remains the best modern version. **Beethoven**: Violin Concerto (Francescatti/Philadelphia/Ormandy. *§ 33CX 1011). If the tone of the soloist, as recorded, were not a little wiry, this disc would certainly have received two stars, for the solo playing is wonderfully brilliant and informed with excellent taste. Ormandy accompanies unobtrusively and the balance is very good. I shall expect this recording to hold the field for some time to come. **Brahms**: Piano Concerto No. 2, B flat major (Backhaus/Vienna Phil/Schuricht. *§LXT 2723). For three-quarters of its length this performance gives complete satisfaction—and how rare that is, in this most taxing concerto! But the Finale, *grazioso* though it be, ought to whirl away in a glory of sunlit gaiety. Instead, Backhaus and Schuricht take it *very* slowly, with a finicking delicacy that makes it sound like some kind of chamber music; and the effect is that of petering out. It is possible that the Serkin set, if and when it appears on LP, will prove the best modern version; but I shall be surprised if the recording sounds as well as this one. **Dvorak**: Cello Concerto (Nelsova/LSO/Krips. §LXT 2727). Zara Nelsova gives a highly respectable, but in no sense magisterial, rendering in a concerto which needs an unusual degree of eloquence in the sheer tone of the instrument. We are not helped to forget this inadequacy by the conductor, who adopts very lethargic tempi, especially in the first movement, which he takes at a speed nearly half that of the metronome marking! The recording is excellent, but if I were you I would wait until H.M.V. issue the Fournier version on LP. **Rachmaninoff**: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Lympany/New S.O./Collins. *§ LXT 2701). The best recording this concerto has yet had and a very serviceable performance, from every point of view. The solo part, on this occasion, is something more than a brave effort, yet something less than the transcendant pianistic display the music requires. **Liszt**: Concerto No. 1, E flat major (Cherkassky/Philharmonia/Fistoulari. * DB 9763-4). Shura Cherkassky gives this well-worn piece the benefit of his beautiful tone and distinguished style; but the recording is really not good enough to allow this set to oust the splendid old Gieseking set (*LX 181-2). **Saint-Saëns**: Introduction and Rondo capriccioso, Op. 28 (Heifetz/R.C.A. Victor S.O./Steinberg. ** DB 21516). Heifetz's effortless agility, and the flexibility of his tonal range, in this performance are astounding. The pretty, facile piece suits him to perfection and the recording is grateful. Also recommended: **Mendelssohn**: Rondo brillant, E flat major, Op. 29 (Lympany/L.S.O./Menges. * C 4191).

Miscellaneous Orchestral

Mussorgsky (arr. Ravel): *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Chicago S.O./Kubelik. *HMV* **§BLP 1002). One of the most startlingly realistic orchestral recordings that have yet appeared. Apart from the music, which I confess bores me, I found it impossible not to be continually thrilled by the opulence of the tone, the spaciousness of the recording, and above all by the extraordinary refulgence of the brass, from tuba to trumpets. **Falla**: *Le Tricorne*—complete ballet (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. **§ LXT 2716). A profoundly satisfying issue, authoritative, full of atmosphere, and most cleverly recorded. I am credibly informed that the anonymous soprano who sings so beautifully is in fact Suzanne Danco. **Tchaikovsky**: *Sleeping Beauty*—ballet suite (S.O./Stokowski. *§ALP 1002). This large selection, which has for some time been available to Special Order on 78 (DB 9499-504), receives a stylish performance, with some very chic solo playing. The recording is slightly top-heavy and sometimes rather hard on the ear. **Rossini** (arr. Respighi): *La Boutique Fantasque*—ballet suite (Covent Garden/Rignold. §PMD 1002). **Schumann** (arr. Jacob): *Carnaval*—Ballet (Ditto. § PM 1001). Though quite well recorded, and cheaper, the *Boutique* disc is distinctly inferior to Ansermet's complete version (**§ LXT 2555). The *Carnaval* is not particularly well played. **Debussy**: Nocturnes (Glyndeborne Chorus/Philharmonia/Galliera. §33S 1002). In this performance only the second Nocturne (*Fêtes*) can be whole-heartedly recommended: *Nuages* is totally lacking in atmosphere, and in *Sirènes* the chorus sounds much too near. Ansermet disc preferred (*§ LXT 2637). **Wagner**: *Lohengrin*—Prelude, Act 1 (R.P.O./Beecham. LX 1557). I had hoped that this disc would supply a felt need and throughout side 1 my hopes looked like being fulfilled; but when the music descends from the heights and fills out, the tone becomes constricted and most unpleasant—added to which, in my copy, this side is one of the worst swingers I ever encountered. Highly recommended: **Elgar**: Introduction and Allegro for Strings; Serenade for Strings, Op. 20; **Vaughan Williams**: Tallis Fantasia (New S.O./Collins. **§ LXT 2699).

(*To be concluded*)

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,185

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a "treatment" of a version of *Mrs. Dale's Diary* either suitable for Home listeners *or* suitable for Third Programme listeners. Limit 150 words. Entries by November 18.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,182

Set by Frank Dunnill

An adventure story written by Thomas Hardy for an American boys' magazine has recently been unearthed. The usual prizes are offered for extracts (limit 200 words) from contributions such as might have been submitted to the *Magnet* or the *Boys' Own Paper* by Sterne, Peacock, Wilde, Meredith, Gide, Colette, Poe or Aldous Huxley.

Report by Frank Dunnill

A large entry, difficult to judge, with plenty of wit, smut and ingenuity, but comparatively few successful translations into the prescribed medium. Several people did well with Wilde, and I liked particularly Lakon's prefectorial admonition to a fag: "Don't be alarmed. It's nothing I wouldn't say to your sister." The other authors proved more difficult. Bevis was outstanding in a smallish pride of Peacocks, and Huxley was well served by Martin Jordan and P. M. ("Then he was across the floor, out on the passage linoleum, his finger at the fire bell. A cleansing flood of hideous sound burst over everything.") Nor must I forget to mention the happy distinction between the two Bunters drawn by Colin Dennis on behalf of Sterne ("What is gross in a lad, in a lass is warm enchanting comfort").

Two guineas each to Geoffrey Parkinson and W. D. Elcock, one guinea each to L. W. Bailey and A. M. Sayers, honourable mention to Elaine Morgan and L. V. Beharrell and condolences to D. L. I. Clarke, whose Sterne would have swept the board had it been printable.

Oscar Wilde for *The Magnet*

Vernon Smith was a youth of delightful disposition whom one could not help instinctively disliking.

"Smith, dear boy," came the jewelled voice of his form master Mr. Quelch, "I have just read your essay on 'Truth as a Method of Deception.' I strongly object to it!"

"Indeed, Sir," replied Smith with a wonderful disdain, "why?"

"You split six infinitives!"

Smith became strangely insolent: "What else, Sir, can one decently do with an infinitive in these days?"

Mr. Quelch made no reply, but pulled Smith's left ear with his long, sensitive fingers.

Geoffrey W. Parkinson

Dorian Gray at Greyfriars

Lord Mauleverer lounged on the divan in his luxurious study and gazed at the new boy's rose-red lips through heavy-lidded, mocking eyes. He tapped his jewelled cigarette holder, and specks of exotically perfumed ash floated to the Turkish carpet.

"Only at school, my dear Dorian," he drawled, "can one taste the real joys of sin. The simplest pleasures of life, being forbidden, become irresistible temptations. Baudelaire says——"

The door opened and Harry Wharton stood there, the sinewy curves of his thighs outlined by his football shorts.

"You dingy cur!" he cried, "Get down on Big Side!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Lord Mauleverer strolled languidly to the door, turned, and gave a last unfathomable glance into Dorian's turquoise blue eyes.

"Dorian," said Harry earnestly, "Keep away from that rotter—I entreat you. He will drag you down to hideous depths of degradation and despair."

Dorian felt drawn by the purity of Harry Wharton's nature; but beyond there called to him the exquisite refinements of sensual delight hinted at by Lord Mauleverer. His soul was rent in twain. He burst into terrible, heartrending sobs.

Wharton's firm hand rested on the lad's heaving shoulder. "Come down to footer practice now, old chap," he said quietly. L. W. Bailey

COLETTE

Cherry was waiting for me. His name was really Max, but I called him Cherry, tenderly.

There he was!

"Quick! the bats, the ball, the wickets!" I cried, and threw myself panting on the rough covering of his makeshift bed. It groaned, as though oppressed. The air was full of an acrid, appetising scent of sweat. I savoured it greedily.

"I've been to Mother Hubbard's." He spoke slowly, with that sly smile. Mother Hubbard's! The college tuck-shop! Disconcerted, I contemplated this schoolboy with money in his pockets for every occasion. A strange idea came to me.

"And the match?" I ventured, probing with my fingers into his inmost thoughts.

"The match can wait."

With a curious phlegmatic gesture he unbuttoned his coat. Did this concern me? I did not want it to concern me. Then, from the deep recesses of two large inner pockets he produced . . . lovely cream horns! feuilles de palmier! buns all dripping with jam!

Gratefully I smoothed his hair.

W. D. ELCOCK

MEREDITH

Dennis caught the ovoid knee high and, speeding like a minnow through waiting shoals, gave it wings to find touch. Gaunt, lean housemaster, bit on pipestem approvingly.

"Diplomacy buds there!" he articulated; to which stout Gubbins at his elbow demurred with—"Low I.Q. remember, and scholarship to seek."

A flash of teeth and eye came with Grant's laugh. "More mathematics and Greek in that parabola than the bookish know."

Gubbins veiled disapproval in concession.

"Ballistics count these days; there you have me," he sighed, but adroitly added—"Still, the theoretic score more often. A thought shoots the projectile moonwards."

Grant exultantly pounced. "The moon, that modern heresy! What need for flight beyond touch? Dennis is adequate—perfect economist; to be more were faulty."

"But will he be equal to the greater occasion?" Gubbins queried.

Grant laughed again.

"Exactly so! Nothing wasted!"

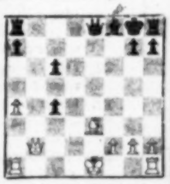
A. M. SAYERS

CHESS: Glory of the Past

No. 162

It must be an eerie feeling for a man to become a legend in his own life-time; the more so when the glory that caused such legendary fame is entirely a thing of the past and when a vast multitude of admirers is no longer aware of the legendary figure being a person alive with the need for a hat rather than a halo, and for meals and habitation more mundane than the paeans of praise offered to him who is safely encamped in Elysium. Such is the case of Akiba Rubinstein who has been in very poor health and circumstances since he dropped out of competitive chess twenty years ago. He will be 70 on December 12, and since we chessplayers, undoubtedly, are indebted to him more than to any master alive, I propose something unprecedented in this column (and unrepeatable, as this is, indeed, a unique case). I invite contributions to a collection started with 2 gn. from the Editor and a guinea from myself. The sum raised by December 9 will be transmitted, just in time for the birthday. I have no space to indicate Rubinstein's prodigious enrichment of opening theory, nor his crystal-clear endgame technique the study of which has benefited generations of chessplayers; as for his most famous games, such as the one against Lasker, Petersburg 1909, or against Capablanca, San Sebastian 1912, or those brilliant little gems against Rotlewi and Belitzmann, these and a good many others can be found in practically any anthology. Here is one, not quite so well known, his brilliancy-prize game against Bogoljubov at Vienna, 1922. It is significant for the dashing style of which this reputedly "cautious" master could be capable whenever it happened to be sound chess to be "dashing."

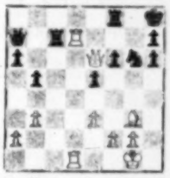
(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(16)	Q-R4!	P-QR3
(2)	P-QB4	P-QB3	(17)	R-B7	P-QKt4
(3)	P-K3	Kt-B3	(18)	Q-R5	QR-Kt1
(4)	Kt-QB3	P-KKt3	(19)	R(1)-B5	KR-Q1
(5)	Kt-B3	B-Kt2	(20)	Kt-K5	B-KB3
(6)	B-K2	O-O	(21)	Kt-B6!	P-K3
(7)	O-O	QKt-Q2?	(22)	P-KKt3!	R(Q)-QB1
(8)	P x P!	Kt x P	(23)	Kt x R	R x Kt
(9)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(24)	B x P!	B-Q1
(10)	Q-Kt3	Kt-KB3	(25)	B-K8!	Q-B1
(11)	B-Q2	Kt-K5	(26)	R x B!!	B x Q
(12)	KR-Q1	Kt x B	(27)	R x R	Q-Q3
(13)	R x Kt	Q-Q3	(28)	R-Kt7	B-Kt3
(14)	R-QB1	P-QKt3	(29)	R-B6	Q-Kt5
(15)	R(Q2)-B2	B-Kt2	(30)	B x P ch	resigns



Obviously (21) . . . B x Kt would have lost the Q. Note how timely and unhurriedly Rubinstein's 22nd move provides the loophole required for the final complications. Even more significant for showing Rubinstein in his favourite role as the implacable creator and exploiter of an endgame advantage is his game against Spielmann in the same tournament. After 17 moves of rather wild play on Spielmann's part, Rubinstein emerged, a pawn down, but with a very much sounder position. Note how he piles on the pressure and defers his P captures until they are most effective.

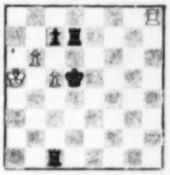
(18)	O-O	B-Q3	(33)	P-R5!	R-R4
(19)	Q-B3	Q-K3	(34)	P-R6	P x P
(20)	QR-B1	K-B2	(35)	R x P	K-Kt2
(21)	KR-K1!	KR-K1	(36)	R-QB6	R-KB4
(22)	B-B4!	Q-Kt3	(37)	R(K3)-QB3	R(B4)-B2
(23)	Q x P ch	K-B1	(38)	P-B4	R(B2)-K2
(24)	B x B ch	Q x B	(39)	K-R3	R-KB2
(25)	R-K3!	Q-Q4	(40)	R(B3)-B5	K-B1
(26)	Q x P	Q x Q	(41)	K-R4	K-K2
(27)	R x Q	KR-Q1	(42)	R-QKt5	K-B1
(28)	P-Kt3	R-Q2	(43)	P-B5	R(B2)-K2
(29)	P-QR5	R-Kt1	(44)	P-Kt4	K-B2
(30)	P-R4	R-Kt4	(45)	K-R4	R-K8
(31)	P-R6	R-QR4	(46)	K-Kt5	R(K8)-K2
(32)	K-Kt2	R-R7	(47)	R-B8!	resigns

A: Rubinstein 1920

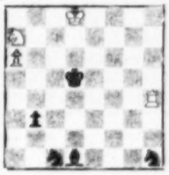


In this week's competition pride of place obviously belongs to our hero who provides a pretty 4-pointer for beginners, a game-position in which, playing White, he forced his opponent's resignation with one move. What was it? **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—are both fairly intricate studies and may well be underrated with 6 and 7 points respectively.

B: Dr. Wotava 1950



C: Guljaev 1947



Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 18

A: (1) Kt-R5!

B: (1) P-B7, R-KR8 ch. (2) B-R4, R-QB8. (3) B-K1 ch! K-Kt4. (4) B-B3 etc.

C: (1) P-R6, K-B1. (2) P-R5, K-B2! (3) K-K3!! K-B1. (4) K-B4, P-B4. (5) K x P! P-Kt6. (6) K-B6, K-Kt1. (7) K-Kt6, P-Kt7. (8) P-R7 ch, K-R1. (9) K-R6! etc.

Surprisingly, some competitors were stumped by **A**; more, of course, by **C**. Even so there were nearly a score of quite (or almost) correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, G. E. Crow, D. C. Mease, G. M. Mills, F. K. Taylor.

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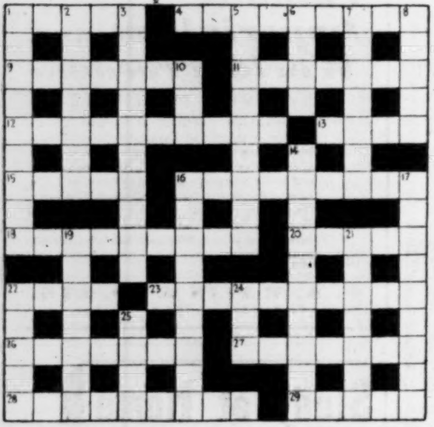
Week-end Crossword No. 21



ACROSS

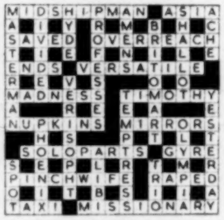
1. Peer at after an unfinished romance (5).
4. Clever birds (9).
9. Am in the clear perhaps, sweet (7).
11. Seat of Empire (7).
12. Wise man and fool in the same cloth (10).
13. She pursues a lion to make overtures (4).
15. To publish is to prosecute (5).
16. Without me the control of distribution cannot be to blame (9).
18. It is comfortable underfoot where cricket takes place (9).
20. The changed atmosphere among the irregulars (5).
22. Town for a transaction (4).
23. Worn-out sheep's feathers (10).
26. Fled pursued by a camp guard (7).
27. Thus can the loyal reveal themselves (7).
28. Their life is quarrelsome (3, 3, 3).
29. Inhabited penniless a foreign world (5).

DOWN

1. Craftsman associated with a closed shop policy (9).
2. Bordermen at church ? (7).
3. For the records, these differ in age (10).
5. If you hurl this thunder with uncontrolled anger, it may recoil upon you (9).
6. Successes (4).
7. Fiddler in love in the station last year (7).
8. The worker in a Union is a mythical figure (5).
10. Resin used in making blacking (3).
14. Not allowed to enter against the players (10).
16. Negotiated and won without the Chancellor's backing (9).
17. Fruit used as ammunition (9).
19. Opposed to a mixture of the Devil and an American soldier (7).
21. Questioning with a side-long glance ? (7).
22. With plain capitals (5).
24. It comes among us so suddenly (3).
25. Hurricane without any nonsense (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 20



PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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NATIONAL Secular Society speakers give stimulating talks to Discussion Groups. Write Secretary, 41 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. HOLborn 2601.

FINHAUT.—Winter Sports for adults and children at lovely Swiss village. Accompanied parties or individual travel. C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Tel. 256.

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WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

1 ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

NEW Year Party in Paris. Visits to Grand Guignol, Vieux Colombier, etc. Low V Forms! Full details obtainable from Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (Dept. T.1), 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. WEL. 9935/6.

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs (6*d.*-2*s.* 3*d.*) from The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns., London, W.8. Samples post free.

AT our informal house parties near London or in the Midlands, you will enjoy the traditional Xmas festivities in pleasant company. Dancing, walking and riding. Box 4802.

HIRE Dresswear without deposit 35s. Baxters, 13 Panton St., S.W.1. TRA. 2002.

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MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½*gns.* evg. WHI. 3678.

P.S.—Pity the travel allowance is still only £25 but of course now simply everybody will want to join a Harold Ingham ski party —skis and lessons included and a £12 spending margin! Switzerland, Austria, Savoy from 28½ guineas for 16 days

P.P.S.—Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, or telephone Harrow 1040.

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MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. Very popular West Country hotel. Golf, fishing, tennis, etc., within own grounds. Open all year round. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. Open all year round. Reservations for 1953 Spring and Summer should not be delayed. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

THE Sunny Corner of Kent. Enjoy Autumn tranquility at Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton, Whitstable. Warm; first-rate food and personal attendance; commodious bedrooms. Large private grounds. A.A. recom. Nr. Canterbury. Special terms. Whit. 324311.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely in Autumn. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey herd. Sea warm. Surf-bathing. Polzeath. Salmon, trout in season. Golf Rock. For Port Quin, Port Gaverne, Lundy Bay. Excellent cuisine & all comforts guaranteed. Open all the year. Manageress: Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

TURNBERRY Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland's famous seaside resort and Ailsa Golf Course. Reservations should be made early for 1953 season. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

IDEAL Xmas is children's festival—but we cater especially for adults who want restful break with reasonable amount of Xmas fare. Brontë Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorks. 'Phone Haworth 2313.

GLENEAGLES Hotel, Perthshire, famous wherever golf is played, reopens for 1953 season at Easter. Early reservations for Coronation Year advisable. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. You can walk, golf or laze in front of big log fires. Lovely furniture, Persian carpets, and a friendly atmosphere. Good food too. Sharpthorne 17.

WINTER holiday in Scotland. Brooklinn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths. Now booking Xmas. Callander 103.

WINTER is warmer at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. A country house set amid a lovely wooded estate bordering the sea. Log fires, cent. htng. Garage. A.A. & R.A.C. apptd. Dtls.: Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Tel. 312.

CHRISTMAS at a country pub? Choose one from the Little Guide to Village Inns. 2s. 6d., post 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

ATTIC Club Meals. Famous for high food value. Pure whole food only. Over 144 High Holborn. Opposite Town Hall. Membership till December 31: 2s. 6d.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Ouspensky, 2 books, £3; Trotskyist, I.L.P., etc., magazines—bound vols. 1936-46 New and Fourth Internationals, Controversy, Left, Politics: reasonable offers; New 1953 Caravan Home, £50, balance 45s. weekly; Russian Linguaphone, £8.

WANTED: Dolmetsch Wooden Recorder; Handbook Marxism, Marxist Material.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Secondary School Headship.—Holloway School, Hilldrop Road, N.7. Second Advertisement. Secondary school for 450-500 boys 11-18 (3 form entry) providing courses to G.C.E. level and beyond, particularly in economics and science. Headmaster required in September, 1953. The school is in Burnham Group 12 (average unit total 1950/52 1,160); it will form part of a new comprehensive school for 1,250 boys. A new supplementary building on present site enlarged is being built; the new school will come into being by September, 1956. The new headmaster will then assume responsibility for the comprehensive school (estimated Burnham group 17 or 18). Under present Burnham conditions depending on service and, qualifications, salary will be about: for present school, £1,300; for future comprehensive school, £1,540. A person of high academic qualifications, varied experience of responsibility and a belief in the comprehensive system is looked for. Closing date November 22, 1952. Apply on form TS10/Sec. (form EO/TS10B for candidates who have completed Form TS10 since January, 1951, and have nothing to add) obtainable from Education Officer, (EO/TS10) County Hall, S.E.1. Candidates who replied to the first advertisement need not re-apply.

BEDFORD College (University of London), Regent's Park, N.W.1. Department of Sociology, Social Studies and Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant and Secretary to the Nuffield Research Fellow to assist in a survey of the present state of social research, primarily in relation to delinquents and other misfits. Post involves both research and secretarial duties, the former predominating. University qualification in sociology or social science essential, also secretarial training. Experience of social research and/or social work would be an advantage. Salary not less than £400 per annum, might be considerably higher for the right person. Apply in writing before November 29 to the Secretary of Council, stating age, qualifications and the names of two referees.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Walham Road S.W.17. Appls. invited for appoint. to Council's service and assignment to this college as Lecturer in Craft Education. Teaching expce. essent. and ability to teach weaving, lino-printing, pottery and modelling. Training college (London) sal. scale. Appl. forms from principal (send stamped addressed foolscap envelope), to whom they should be returned as soon as possible. (1166)

SOMERSET Education Committee. Homecraft Service. Wanted immediately Assistant Homecraft Instructress with qualifications as a teacher of dressmaking, embroidery and craftwork. Teaching experience in technical or evening institutes or to adult groups desirable. Salary: Burnham Technical Scale Assistant Grade A. Particulars, together with forms of application (returnable by November 19, 1952), may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer to be concerned mainly with talks and discussions on economics and industry. He should have contacts in this field, or ability to acquire them and be able to plan broadcasts with outside contributors, carrying out preparatory work and production at microphone. Real interest in present economic and industrial conditions in this country essential. First-hand varied experience of industry, legal or journalistic training and experience, competence in writing or editing scripted material and interest in broadcasting as means of discussing present-day problems would be useful. Appointment on grade with salary £795 rising by five annual increments to £1,065 or £1,000 rising to £1,330 according to qualifications. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T.P., N.Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200—£225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write to the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for illustrated brochure and full particulars.

WANTED in January for a term, teacher of French and subsidiary Geography. Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAMpstead 2019.

SECRETARY, female, with initiative and personality, required for important Jewish Organisation. Experience of outside work and knowledge of printing and advertising an advantage. Excellent prospects to applicant with ability and keenness. State particulars of age, education, qualifications, experience and salary required. Box 4788.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

BURFORD House, Putney. A Warden is required for this Approved Probation Hostel for 24 girls, ages 15 and under 18. A sense of vocation, a good general education and experience of work with very difficult girls essential. Commencing salary £385 p.a. with repayment of £78 for board and residence. Applications, with names of three referees, to the General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has a vacancy for a residential House Mother to take charge of a small family group of children during out-of-school hours. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £200 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £320 per annum, plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

CAREER in Book Trade. Important Group of Publishers and Booksellers in Central London are prepared to engage young men and women interested to work with books. Previous experience not essential. Congenial working conditions with canteen facilities. 5-day week, 14 days' holiday with pay. Starting salary for those accepted, male, £325 p.a., female £250 p.a. Excellent opportunity for those wishing to make books their career. Apply at once to Box 4711.

CO-EDUCATIONAL School, Surrey, requires mistress to take charge Kindergarten, January. Apply Headmaster, Chinthurst School, Tadworth. Tel.: Tad. 2011.

AN interesting selection of posts carrying opportunity for intelligent girls 16-25 with shorthand-typing or book-keeping. Professional, political, commercial. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606. No charge to staff.

EXPERIENCED Matron and Assistant required in January for co-educational school in West Country with proportion of difficult children. Box 4611.

MARRIED couples without children required as Hosts and Hostesses for Guest Houses, England and Scotland. Knowledge of Catering for numbers, Staff Organisation and Control. Ability to run social evenings, etc. Liking for people essential. Commencing salary £221 and £169 respectively plus full board and accommodation. Box 4687.

ASSISTANT wanted for small "family" Home for children in Edinburgh. Write with details of exp. and training: No. 838, Keith & Co., Advertising Agents, Edinburgh.

REQUIRED by important Jewish Communal Organisation, organiser with initiative, energy and driving force; permanent and excellent prospects for advancement to applicant with ability, qualifications and keenness; state particulars of age, education, qualifications, experience and salary required. Box 4673.

SENIOR Clerk required, must have considerable experience in statistical work and indexing. Permanent and pensionable post with interesting prospects for right type of applicant. 35 hour 5 day week, trade union in Richmond area. Apply stating salary required to General Secretary, The Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, 96 St. George's Sq., London, S.W.1.

SCHOOL Secretary. Applications are invited from competent shorthand-typists with secretarial experience for Wester Elchies School (preparatory for Gordonstoun); must be active and preferably under middle age. Resident post. Full details to: Headmaster, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffshire.

IRVING Theatre Club require lady Receptionist-Typist. Salary £4. 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2.

OCCASIONAL part-time Shorthand Typist reqd. Must be experienced in Architectural Specifications. Ring CUN 2529.

PROFESSIONAL woman broadcaster, London, requires responsible houseworker run small modern house and mind schoolgirl aged 4 and baby. Most weekends and evenings free; good wages. 'Phone evgs. Richmond 1253 or write Box 4759.

MOTHER'S Help wanted. Unafraid of work in pleasant household of young widow (prof. musician) & 2 sons aged 5 (at school) & 3. Hale, Cheshire. Box 4698.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man with knowledge of office routine, typing, earnestly seeks position with publisher or book-seller. But anything considered where literary interests not incompatible. Box 4645.

HONOURS Graduate Oxford, 23, seeks position in publishing, printing, journalism, or book trade, in London. Low salary accepted for opportunity to learn all aspects of business. Box 4719.

WOMAN writer; trvld.; lit. ablty.; wk. pblshd.; rpd. typg.; sks. post. Box 4804.

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KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. PRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12*s*. 6*d*. Meals optional.

AT 3*gns*. each weekly, Winter terms, to share double room, includes breakfast. H. & C.W., Tel., Restaurant, etc. White Park Hotel, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2. PAD. 8406.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

20 minutes from Central London, homely single & double service-rooms in distinguished Private House from 3-5 *gns*. respectively for bed & breakfast per week. Other meals by arrangement. 'Phone: PARK 7103.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms. with board, reasonable.

BICKENHALL Pte. Residential Hotel, 119 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 3401. 2 mins. Baker Street Underground & buses to all parts. Central heating & all home comforts. Part-board £6; Full board 7*gns*.

A LUXURIOUSLY furnished double Bed-room with hot and cold running water, gas fire and ring, £3 10*s*. weekly; ditto single, 45*s*. Apply (mornings only), 89a Alexandra Road, London, N.W.8.

ACCOM. available in Hostel December 18 to January 4. Home comforts. Families welc. Easy access West End. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Pk., London, N.W.8.

FURN. single bed-sitting room, also single bedroom to let. Belsize Park. Box 4726.

TO let. Large well-furn. room in new house with constant hot water, linen, breakfast; suitable two ladies. HAM. 8698.

FLAT, furnished, 3rd floor, self-contained, 2 double bedrooms, dining room, kitchenette, bathroom. Top shop, nr. Pontings, High Street, Kensington. £7 7*s*. p.w. Box 4674.

FURN. flat, 2 rms., £3 10*s*. p.w. incl. 53 Colney Hatch Lane, London, N.10.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful surrndgs. Accom. for Arts students. Bkfst., dinner, wk.-end meals, H.W., baths, incl. Box 4691.

BEDSITTING room offered in return for baby sitting. Terms by arrangement. Please write Turner, 43 Warren Road, N.W.2.

MAN offd. share s/c. bach. flat, Bayswater; tel., din.-kit., &c. Reas. Box 4464.

FURNISHED flat to let, St. John's Wood. Sitting-room, two bedrooms, bathroom, kitchenette, telephone, electric light and power. Tel. MAI. 1747.

UNFURNISHED flat to let, first floor, three large rms., use bathrm. Jewish people pref. No children. N.E. London. Box 4782.

CENTRAL: double room service flatlet. Telephone MAI. 1787.

WIMBLEDON Common, easy access town, furn. flatlet, 2 pleasant rms. Suit 2 business ladies. 3*gns*. p. wk. WIM 5846.

CHARMING flatlet—large sunny sit.-rm. (2 divans), dining-rm./kit., bath. Also single rm.; ample domestic equipment. GLA. 5035 before 10.30 a.m. or after 6 p.m.

DIVAN rm. 35*s*., gas fire, ring, own basin. C.h.w. Nr. Heath. PUT. 2962.

BUSINESS lady would share modern home with another able to drive car—share expenses. Gloucestershire. Box 4605.

LARGE comfortable bedroom, sitting-room, use kitchen, bathroom. Central heating. Garage. Jordans, Bucks. Box 4486.

THE Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards o/S., welcomes perm. residents appreciating gd. food, congenial atmosphere. £260 p.a. (couple £420), full board.

WRITER'S/Artist's Cottage, Sussex, to let until April; roomy/conven./fully furn. 2*gns*. p.w. Sowerby, 14 Stafford Pl., S.W.1.

SUNNY Sussex coast. To let, furnished cottage containing sitting room, kit., bath lavatory, 2 bedrooms, portable gas fires in all rooms, everything for use except linen. One minute sea and shops, bus from door to Littlehampton/Worthing. 2*gns*. p.w. Box 4796.

RETIRED elderly widower would share furnished house near South Coast. Vegetarians only. Box 4667.

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TWO women grads. req. small furn. flat: 2 rooms, k. & b. Cent. Lond. Box 4682.

MIDDLE-aged Viennese woman teacher, considerate tenant, seeks pleasant room, furn./unfurn., near Baker St. station or Notting Hill Gate area. Box 4800.

BACHELOR (34) seeks share flat with one/two others, any part London. Box 4543.

YOUNG professional woman wants small self-contained, unfurnished flat, N.W./W.C.1. Some f. & f. Box 4495.

OLDER student (f.) reqs. furn. rm., light ckg., fac. Nr. W.C.1. Box 4562.

PROF. couple seek furn./unfurn. flat/rooms in London area. Box 4655.

YOUNG prof. couple sk. s/c. unfurn./furn. flat, outer London area. Box 4646.

PAINTER, preparing for exhibition March, wife, potter, out all day, both 28, need 2 rooms, 1 must be light. Furn./unfurn./part. furn.; within 1½ hrs. London (no car) near country or with garden. Moderate rent please. Foldes, Woodside, Pett, E. Sussex.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FOR Sale: Windmill, partly converted, electric light & power. Modernised 4-bedrm. house. Garage 2 cars. Easy garden. On ridge in mid-Kent. Cheap for quick sale. Ring Benenden 2138 after 7 p.m.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PETER Racine Fricker writes about "The Darmstadt Influence" in the Tenth issue of "Music." Copies 2*s*. 4*d*. posted, from: Miles Henslow Publications, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

PLEBS November issue includes "Labour and the Backward Areas" Rt. Hon. Creech Jones; "Trade Union Democracy" by Ray Fletcher; "Power of Words" by S. Marsden; "Mass Meetings and Mass Psychology" by H. Eastwood; "Eighteenth Century Trade Unionism" by Raymond Postgate; "The Truth About Education" by J. P. M. Millar; "International Developments and our Wages" by Christine Millar; "This Wicked World." Plebs costs 6*d*., by post 7½*d*., or 7*s*. per year. From the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. November issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3*s*. net (30*s*. p.a.).

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8*s*. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"CHANTICLEER": first issue. Stories, poems, essays, 2*s*. 6*d*. (post 3*d*.). On sale now at bookshops, or from 38 Lupus St., London, S.W.1.

"LABOUR Israel." Mapam journal for Socialism, Zionism, World Peace. 4*s*. 6*d*. p.a. from Mishmar Publications, Ltd., 8, York Place, Strand, W.C.2.

SEXUAL tragedy is the theme of Carrier's talented novel "The Hunt." Not for the prudish. From your bookseller, or 12*s*. post free. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

"THIS is Paris." 77 unique photos of a complete day in Paris. Faber & Faber. Through all bookshops. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

DER Grosse Brockhaus!! Latest 12-volume edition just out. First volume this month. Illustrated prospectus and full particulars: Walter Gruen & Son, 28 Richmond Hill, Richmond. RIChmond 2591.

BOOKS Suitable For Presents!!! Fine clean copies—but dust wrappers slightly soiled —"Rural London" (published 12*s*. 6*d*.), lavishly illustrated, 5*s*. 6*d*. post free. "The Sawdust Ring" (published 13*s*. 6*d*.) by Croft-Cooke & Meadmore, fascinating book about Circus History, 5*s*. 6*d*. post free. Send cash with order to Pelican Bookshops, Ltd., 147 Brighton Rd., Coulsdon, Surrey.

"CONTINENTAL Film Review." Illustrated monthly of foreign films showing in Britain. 1*s*. 6*d*. Bookstalls, etc. 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine 47*s*. 6*d*; Life (Int.), 57*s*. 6*d*.; Popular Mechanics, 32*s*.; Popular Photography, 36*s*. Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111, Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

PARIS Literary, Fashion & Cinema magazines on subscription. Price list A.F.P., Ltd. (Dept. P.66), 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

BOOKS secondhand posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

"THIS England, 1952," is as lively as ever. Don't miss it. 2*s*. 6*d*. from all shops and stalls.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

NEW Irish Linen Lengths: 1. Natural Shade (a) 6yds. × 24in., each 17*s*. 6*d*.; (b) 6yds. × 32in., each 22*s*. 2. White, 6yds. × 24in., each 19*s*. New White Cotton Lengths, 6yds. × 36in., each 14*s*. 6*d*. Post and packing 1*s*. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 131), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

SAVE 10*s*. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12*s*. 6*d*. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

REMEMBER Poppy Day on Saturday and give generously.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." Membership 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Cabaret Caribbean," arranged by Edric Connor. Mems., 5s. yearly.

WIMBLEDON Theatre (LIB. 1166/7), Tuesday, 11, to Saturday, Nov. 15 only. The New-Ballet Co. Repertoire of new works by Frank Staff, Walter Gore, etc., etc.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Christmas Bridge," Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Czech Comedy: "Village Revolt." Tues. Nov. 11, 7.30. Mem.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until further notice. Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (A). "El Dorado" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Nov. 9, 7.30. "Native Son" (A) (Argentine).

FRIDAY, Nov. 7, 6.30-9.30, Winter Sports & Travel Film Show including a film recently taken in Yugoslavia: York Hall, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door.

SCALA Theatre, British Première: "Broken Fetters," Life of Taras Shevchenko, Ukranian poet. Also "Soviet Latvia." Wednesday, Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Ctee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (S.A. Env. please.)

ROYAL Festival Hall. Nov. 8 at 8 p.m. Festival of 18th Century Music. London Harpsichord Ensemble. John Francis, Richard Standen. WAT. 3191.

DR. Edith Sitwell, Dylan Thomas, Gordon Watson, London Symphony Orchestra, Morley College Choir, Cond. Robert Irving. Palace Theatre, Sun., November 16, 7.30. Works by Berlioz, Liszt, Bartók (2nd Piano Concerto), and 1st perf. "The Shadow of Cain" (Edith Sitwell-Humphrey Searle). Tkts. 3s. 6d.-21s., Chappells (MAY. 7600), agents & Theatre on night of concert.

MACNAGHTEN String Quartet. Wigmore Hall, Mon., Nov. 17, 7.30. Quartets by Debussy, Haydn, Beethoven. Tkts.: 9s., 6s., 3s. Hall, WEL. 2141, Agts. & Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St. W.1. REG. 1140.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Sat., Nov. 8 at 7.30 p.m. Musical Evening at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Martin Lawrence (Bass) accompanied by Sidney Crooke, and Sidney Lederman (Violin) accompanied by June Ross-Oliver. Members 3s. 6d., Visitors 5s.

ST. MARTIN-in-the-Fields. Sat., Nov. 8, at 2.30. Mozart Concert. Peter Pears, Peter Gould, Capriol Orchestra. Conductor: Roy Budden. No tickets required.

HUNGARIAN (Magyar) Evening. folk instrument ensemble; songs with a guitar—Johnny Ambrose; folk art display; refreshments and Hungarian wines. British-Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2, on November 9 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. Members (Guests 2s. 6d).

DANCE org. by Central London Fabian Soc., Sat., Nov. 8, 7.30, Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 4s. at door.

CARIBBEAN Labour Congress, London Branch. Carnival Dance, Nov. 8, 7-11. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd. Carle Francis & his Caribbeans. West Indian Artist.

SOUTH African Students' Assoc. Social evening at West African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, on Friday, November 7, at 8 p.m. Refreshments.

VIENNA Arts Ball, Porchester Hall, W.2. Nov. 14, 7.30-12. Booking at Chappells (MAY. 7600), Barnes (MAI. 6000), Whiteleys (BAY. 1234) & C.A.P.C. (PAD. 8620).

EXHIBITIONS

LEGER, Braque, Etc., Exhibition of Contemporary French Masters, New Reproduction Technique. Liberty's of Regent Street, October 31—November 15.

EPSTEIN. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 9. Weekdays 10-6., Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gericault (1791-1824)—first exhibition since 1820—in aid of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Appeal. Admission 2s., students 1s. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

MERSEYSIDE Artists from the Sandon Studios Society, Liverpool. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 22. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Oils and Gouaches by W. B. Henderson; Important French Paintings; Recent paintings by Olive Snell; Drawings by Donald Friend. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibn. closes Nov. 22.

8 Young Painters. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6, Sundays 2-6.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. A group of fine French paintings. Daily 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhibition of Works by Artists of the Galerie de France. Opening Nov. 11, "Of Light and Colour," 19th and 20th Century French Painters.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields).

JOHN Piper, E. Bellingham-Smith, Charles Keene and Ian Strang. Four Exhibitions at The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gall., 14 Portman St., W.1. Posters by A. Games extended to Nov. 16.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. French Paintings between Courbet and Chagall. Josef Herman: Burgundy Drawings.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Elisabeth Frink, John Harvey, Michael Werner. Paintings by Laxman Pai.

POTTERY by John Shelly at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. TEM. 7413.

EXHIBITION of Paintings. Paul Aguilar, Eric N. Atkinson, Roger M. Pring, at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"PEACE is our Responsibility" Meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat., Nov. 15, 2.30 p.m. Dr. J. Needham, F.R.S., Mrs. E. N. Jull, M.Ed., Mr. R. Ridout, B.A., Dr. P. W. Bryan. Tickets 1s. from Miss M. E. Turnbull, Secr. Teachers for Peace, 19 Barons Court Rd., W.14, or at door. Also, National Conference, Teachers for Peace, Sunday, Nov. 16, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. 10.15-12.45 & 2-4 p.m. Observers and visitors welcome.

RITCHIE Calder on "Britain and the Asian Revolution," 3rd Fabian Autumn Lecture, Tues., Nov. 11, 7.15, Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 4s., at door.

THE Turnstile Society. Winter programme of informal Friday evening meetings for New Statesman readers, Central London. Speakers to include Kingsley Martin, Naomi Lewis, etc. New members welcome. Details from Sec., 64 Warwick Ave., W.9, or ring CUN. 9233 or ENF. 0079 evenings.

MAURICE Webb, M.P., on "The Presidential Election," 7 p.m., November 13, at the North Star, 104 Finchley Rd. (just North Swiss Cottage), St. Marylebone Fabian Society dinner meeting, charge 5s., telephone CUN 1034 to reserve. Guests welcome.

"WILLIAM Morris and the Road to Socialism." Hampstead Town Hall, Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Spkrs.: Sam Aaronovitch and Reg Turner. Hampstead Communist Party.

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam). "What's Happening in Israel": A Ben-David (rep. Kibbutz Artzi). Wed., Nov. 12, 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Nov. 12, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The American Presidential Election": Donald Chapman, M.P. Adm. 2s.

ZIONIST Socialist Youth (Young Poale Zion). Wed., Nov. 12: "The Rise of Capitalism in Western Europe." Speaker: Leon Gordon. 8 p.m., at 197 Mare St., E.9. Wed., Nov. 12: "Modern Israeli Literature." Speaker: Hayim Gluckstein (Israeli Arts critic). 8 p.m., at 75 Cazenove Rd., N.16. Thurs., Nov. 13: "The Awakening in Africa." Speaker: John Akar (Africa). 8 p.m., at 783 Finchley Rd., N.W.11.

KENYA Protest meeting! Sunday, November 9 at 6 p.m. Denison House, Victoria/Vauxhall. Chairman: East African Representative. Promoter: African League.

DISCUSSION. Deana Levin, Teachers' Delegation U.S.S.R., Sept. '52. "Soviet Child at School." 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

"ARTIST in U.S.S.R." Lantern-slide lecture by Pearl Binder. Chair: Mary Baxter, J.P. Tickets 1s. 6d. (Students & S.C.R. 1s.). Tues., Nov. 11, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

EISENSTEIN. Lecture by Marie Seton (author of new biography), with excerpts from his classic films. Tkts. 2s. 6d. (Students & S.C.R. 2s.). Thurs., Nov. 13, 7.30, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Tues., Nov. 11, Mr. Ewan Butler on "Germany seeks a soul." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

"POLAND Elects a New Parliament." Lect. by Mr. Leslie Solley on Poland's first General Election under the new Electoral Law. Chair.: Mr. D. Turner-Samuels. Fri., Nov. 7, 7.45. All welc. Refrs. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. "Schools in India and Dyaks in Borneo." Illustrated talk by Richard Carline, Thurs., November 13, 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Fri., Nov. 14, 1 p.m., Lunch-time Talk in English by Mr. A. De Baerdemaecker, Counsellor at the Belgian Ministry of Economic Affairs. Subj.: "The Problem of Benelux."

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 11, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The War Swindle." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Friday Nov. 7. Miss Enid Lakeman, "Free Enterprise."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled "Some basic factors in 19th century European History" will be given by Professor Sir Lewis Namier (Manchester) at 5.30 p.m. on November 17 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

DR. S. G. SOAL of Queen Mary College, University of London, addresses a general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on "My Thirty Years of Psychical Research," at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, November 19, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Place of Broadcasting in the Modern World," by Wynford Vaughan Thomas (B.B.C. Commentator). Thursday, November 13, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door. Next week: "Kenya, Land Hunger and Mau Mau," by Fenner Brockway, M.P. & Mbiyu Koinange (Delegate Kenya African Union in Gt. Brit.).

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday, Nov. 10, 8 p.m. "Any Questions": Ian Mikardo, M.P., John Baird, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Santo Jeger, M.P., Barnett Stross, M.P. 6d. at door. Hamp. Labour Pty.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Nov. 13, Thurs., 8 p.m. Lecture: Sociology & Poetry, Prof. Charles Madge. Nov. 14, Fri., 8 p.m. The Opera Libretto, Discourse by Prof. Edward J. Dent. Chair: The Earl of Harewood.

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S International Relations." Two talks on this subject will be given by Mr. Kurt Merz at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. First: Tues., Nov. 11, at 7.45 p.m. Second on Tues., Dec. 9, at 7.45 p.m. Book both these dates now! Come to both meetings arranged by the British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

MRS. C. S. Ganley, J.P., will speak on "The Co-operative Movement and the Peace of the World." Nov. 14, 8.30 p.m. All welcome. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Personalism and Industry." Conway Hall, Wed., November 12, at 7.30 p.m.

PETER Freeman, M.P. will talk to Youth Lodge on Nov. 12, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Victoria St., S.W.1, on "The Challenge of Theosophy to Modern Civilisation."

LINCOLN Fabian Society inaugural meeting at Co-op Offices, Free School Lane, Friday, November 14 at 7.15 p.m. Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P. and W. T. Rodgers.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Lectures on English Domestic Architecture—Great Houses near London. Third lecture Thursday, November 13, at 7 p.m., fourth November 20. By Miss Helen Lowenthal, B.A. (1023)

"THE Port of London." A lecture will be given by E. T. Malone (Port of London Authority), for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 10, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

YUGOSLAVIA, Reunion and Public Meeting, Friends' House, Euston Road, Nov. 14, 7 p.m. Speakers: Leah Manning, Charles Ford, M. P. Knezevic, First Secretary, Yugoslav Embassy. Films: "The Bridge," "Dalmatian Coast." Holiday Friendship Service.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 9: W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Is Progress a Myth?" Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

L. G. FRENCH: "Press and Propaganda." Younger Discussion Group (Hamp. Ethical Soc.) Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Monday, Nov. 10 at 8 p.m.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Italian Social Realists." Illustrated lecture by John Berger. Sun., Nov. 9, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 15 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Quéval (Alliance Française): "Le Cinéma contre la Société."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Nov. 13, 7.30 p.m., "Different Interpretations of Yoga." All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, Wed., Nov. 12, 6.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Public Lecture: "Cultural Aspects of Buddhist Thought": Dr. D. Friedman.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Moral Equality." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, Nov. 9, at 11 a.m.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. "Chronological Problems in the History of Ancient Israel": Dr. D. Diringer. Sun., Nov. 9, 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. November 9: "The Masters of Wisdom."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MOOR Park College. Autumn programme includes: Annual Reunion, Nov. 22, speaker, Sir Shane Leslie, Bt., on "Jonathan Swift." Week-end courses: "Faith and Reason," Dec. 5-7, Professor T. E. Jessop; "Some Problems of Modern Democracy," Nov. 29-30; "Music for Christmas," Dec. 13-14. Further details from Organising Tutor, Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be delivered by Professor Robert King Hall (Teachers College, Columbia University) at 5.30 p.m. on November 13, 19 and 26, at the Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1. Nov. 13: Education and Economics in the Technical Assistance Programmes of the Middle East; Nov. 19: Education as an Instrument of Social Revolution in Brazil; Nov. 26: Education as the Political Objective of the Occupation of Japan. Adm. free, without ticket.

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